

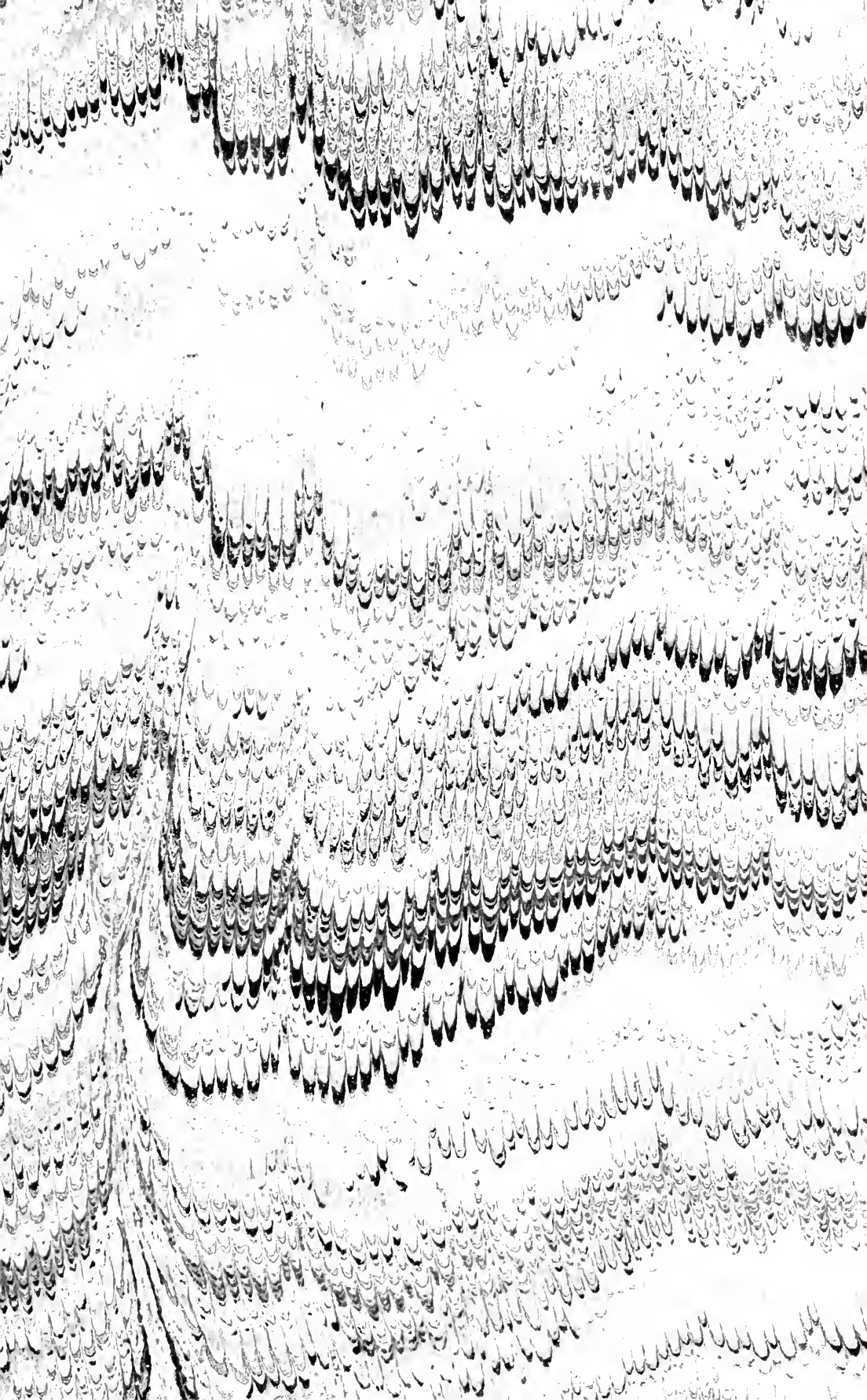
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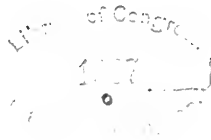


✓ INCIDENTS AND SKETCHES

CONNECTED WITH THE

EARLY HISTORY AND SETTLEMENT
OF THE WEST.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



CINCINNATI:
J. A. & U. P. JAMES, WALNUT STREET,
BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH.
1853.

CONTENTS.

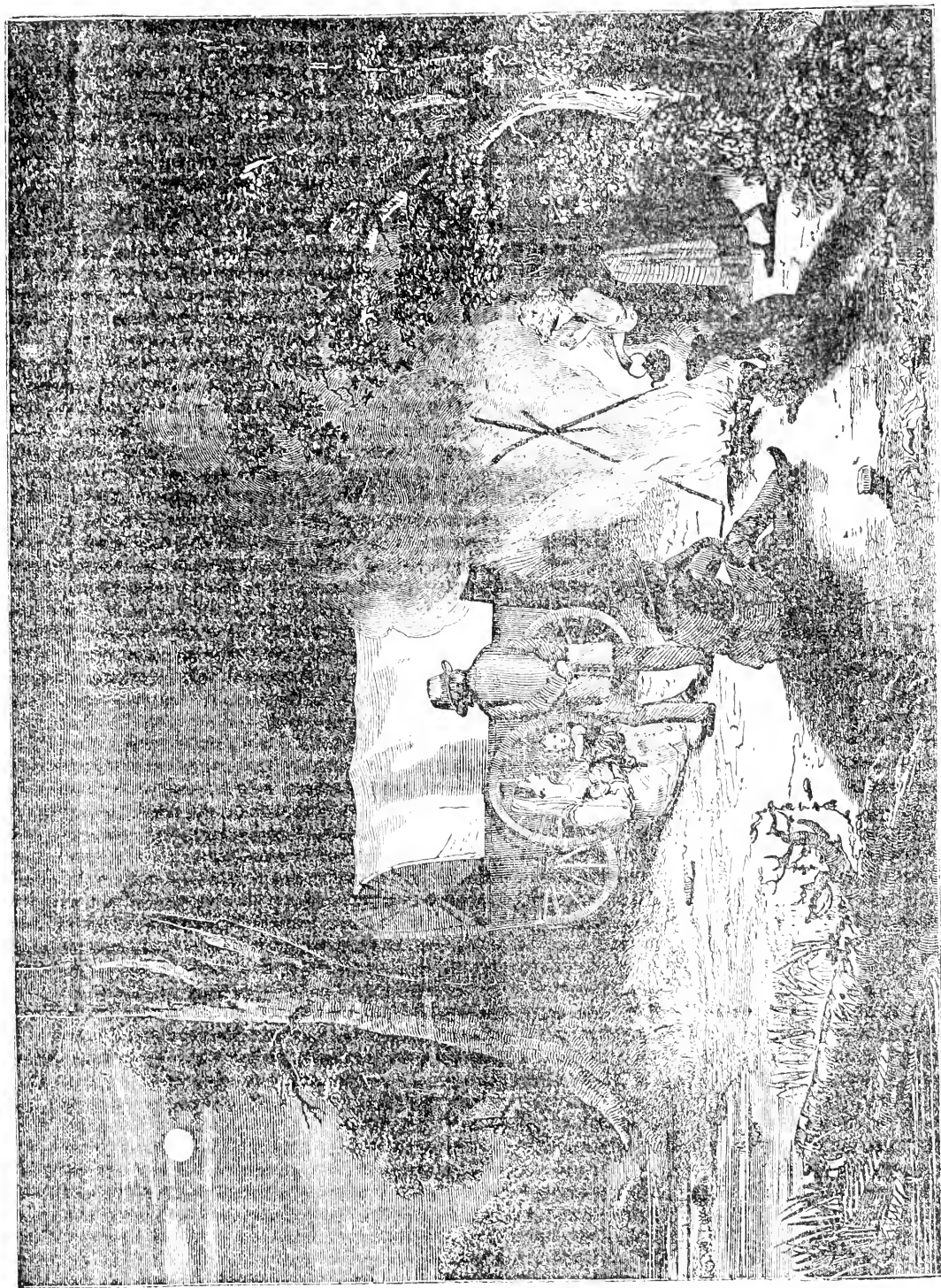
A	PAGE.	P	PAGE.
ADVENTURES of Capt. Daniel Boon.....	10	Power of Virtue.....	62
A Tale of Western Chivalry	25		
An Historical Sketch.....	38	R	
An Indian Council	48	Revolutionary Reminiscences.....	37
Adventures of Col. James Smith	49		
American Antiquities	72	S	
		Song of the Prairie	36
B		Sketches of the Olden Time.....	14
Boiling Potatoes	71	Sailing down the Ohio.....	61
C		T	
Chippewa Matrimony	48	The Pioneer.....	29
Castle Rock.....	56	The Emigrant's Daughter	33
Catching Wild Horses on a Prairie.....	65	The Last of the Indian Fighters.....	35
Cortez, Hernando.....	58	The Mothers of the West.....	13
		The Western Mothers	42
E		The Corporal.....	43
Emigration.....	7	The Prairie.....	44
Early Habits, Customs, &c., of the West	71		
		V	
F		Valley of the Mississippi	14
Farewell of the Seminole Chief.....	53		
		W	
G		White Indians.....	46
General Francis Marion	48	Wonderful Escape from Indians	46
		Western Antiquities	53
L			
Life Preserver.....	26		
Life in the West	57		

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A	PAGE.	L	PAGE.
A Clearing.....	9	Life Preserver	26
Adam Poe and Big Foot.....	24		
A Log Cabin.....	45	R	
A Scene in the West	69	Road through the Forest.....	8
American Antiquities	72		
		S	
B		Squaws ducking Col. Smith	51
Buffalo.....	57		
Broad Horn, or Flat Boat	63	T	
		The Pioneer.....	28
C		The Emigrant's Daughter.....	32
Castle Rock.....	56	The Prairie.....	44
Catching Wild Horses on a Prairie.....	67		
		V	
E		Village of Log-Huts	9
Emigration.....	6		
		W	
F		WESTERN ANTIQUITIES.	
FRONTISPIECE.		The Stone Fort	54
Col. Daniel Boon.		The Mound at Florence.....	55
H			
Hernando Cortez	59		

F351

I 38



EMIGRATION.—Encampment for the night.

EARLY

HISTORY OF THE WEST.

EMIGRATION.

THE engraving for this article represents a halt for the night of an emigrant with his family—one, perhaps, who has left his natal soil and the inheritance of his fathers, and seeks in the far west for that independence in his worldly circumstances which he has tried in vain to gain from the stony and barren patrimonial homestead: or perhaps one who has looked on his rapidly-increasing family, and, ambitious of doing something for his children while he is in the prime of life, or anxious to see them settled comfortably around him, that his old age may be cheered by their presence, has resolved to go to the *far west*, the land which is represented as flowing with milk and honey, the land which repays with an hundred fold the labour expended on it, and the riches of whose bosom far exceed those in the mines of Peru.

Resolved to migrate, the emigrant collects together his little property, and provides himself with a wagon and with two or three horses, as his means permit;—a rifle, a shot-gun, and an axe slung over his shoulder, form part of his equipments, and his trusty dog becomes the companion of his journey.—In the wagon are placed his bedding, his provisions, and such cooking-utensils as are indispensably necessary. Every thing being ready, the wife and children take their seats, the father of the family mounts the box, and now they are on the move. As they pass through the village, which has been to them the scene of many happy hours, they take a last look at the spots which are hallowed by associa-

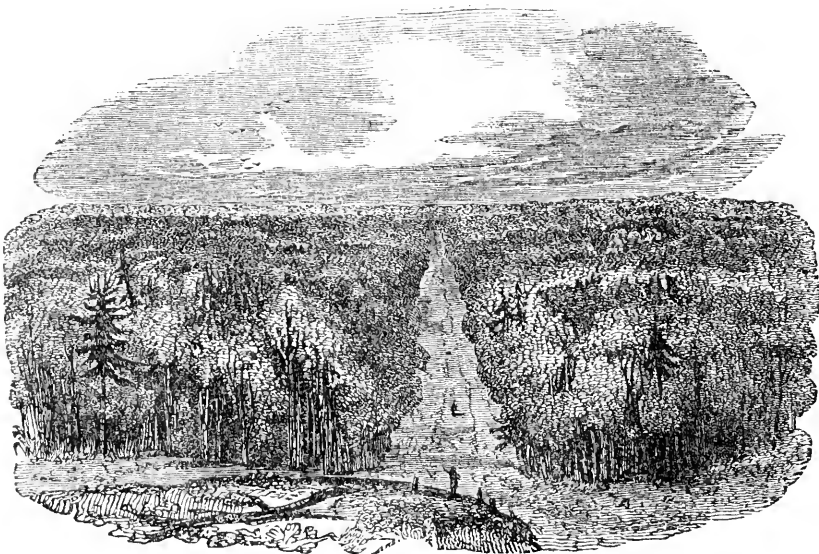
tion; the church, with its lowly spire, an emblem of that humility which befits the Christian—and the burial-ground, where the weeping-willow bends mournfully over the headstone which marks the parent's grave; nor do the children forget their playground, nor the white schoolhouse where the rudiments of education have been instilled into their minds.

The road is at first comparatively smooth, and their journey pleasant; their way is chequered with divers little incidents, while the continual changes in the appearances of the country around them, and the anticipation of what is to come, prevent those feelings of despondency which might otherwise arise, on leaving a much-loved home. When the roads are bad, or hilly, the family quit the wagon, and plod their way on foot; and at night they may be seen assembled round the fire made by the roadside, partaking of their frugal supper. The horses are unharnessed, watered, and secured with their heads to the trough; and the emigrants arrange themselves for the night, while their faithful dog keeps watch. Or if the close of the day finds them near a tavern or farm-house, a bargain is struck for the use of the fireplace and part of the kitchen, and the family pass the night on the floor, their feet to the embers and their heads pillowed on the saddles. Amid all the privations and vicissitudes in their journey, they are cheered up by the consciousness that each day lessens the distance between them and the land of promise, and that the fertile soil of the west will recompense them for all their trials.

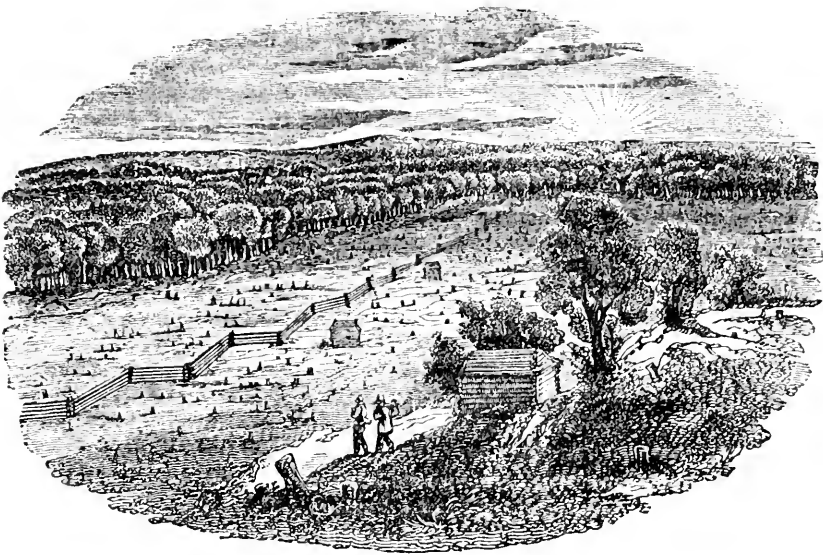
At length our *flitters*, as they are called, reach the banks of the Ohio, whose placid bosom seems to invite their embarkation, while countless boats of every description meet their astonished gaze. We have resided many years at the west, and during this period have been with hundreds and hundreds who have seen the Ohio river for the first time, and we have never known an individual who has gazed upon its broad expanse of water with a feeling of disappointment or regret, on the contrary, like pilgrims to the Holy Land, they forget all their pains and privations, and view it as indicating that the object of their journey is nearly attained.

Our travellers, after resting themselves for a few days, again take up their line of march; for the Ohio river, which was formerly the termination of all pilgrimages, is now but the frontier of a new country, and but the starting-point for the *far-distant west*. The roads soon become more and more rough; the swamps and little forest-streams are rendered passable by logs placed side by side, and the bridges thus formed are termed *corduroy*, from their ridgy and striped appearance. The axe and the rifle of the emigrant are now brought daily and almost hourly into use: with the former, he cuts down saplings or young trees to throw across the roads, which in many places are almost impassable; with the latter, he kills squirrels, wild-turkeys, or such game as the forest affords him; for by this time his provisions are exhausted. If perchance a buck crosses his path, and is brought down by a lucky shot, it is carefully dressed, and hung up in the forks of the trees; fires are built, and the meat is cut into small strips, and smoked and dried for future subsistence. This is the mode of *preserving* the game of the forest, and these are the *game-laws* of the western pioneer.

The road through the woods now becomes intricate, the trees being merely felled and drawn aside, so as to permit a wheeled-carriage to pass; and the emigrant is often obliged to be guided in his route only by the *blaze* of the surveyor on the trees, and at every few rods to cut away the branches which obstruct his passage. The stroke of his axe reverberates through the woods, but no answering sound meets the woodman's ear, to assure him of the presence of friend or foe. At night, in these solitudes, he hears and sees the wolves stealing through the gloom, and snuffing the scent of the intruders; and now and then the bloodshot eye of the catamount glares through the foliage. At length, the emigrant arrives at the landmarks which indicate to him the proximity of his own possessions. A location for the cabin is now selected, near a small stream of running water, and, if possible, on the south side of a slight elevation. No time is lost; the trees are immediately felled, and in a few days you can perceive a cleared space of ground, of perhaps a few rods in circumference; stakes, forked at the tops, are driven into the ground, on which are placed logs, and the chinks between these are stopped with clay, mixed with lime, if these can be obtained. An enclosure is thus thrown up hastily, to protect the inmates from the weather. The trunks of the trees, are rolled to the edge of the clearing, and surmounted by stakes driven crosswise into the ground; the caps or the tops of the trees are piled on the trunks, and thus is formed a *brush-fence*, as it is termed. By degrees, the surrounding trees are *girdled*, (a circle of bark being removed from them,) and they die: such as are fit to make into rails, are cut down and split; those unfit for this purpose, are left to rot, or are *logged up* and burned.



[Road through a Forest.]



[A Clearing.]

The next season, a visible improvement has taken place; several acres have been added to the clearing; the woodman's residence begins to assume the dignified appearance of a farm; the *brush-fence* is replaced by a *worm-fence*, or one which runs zigzag, as is seen in the cut; the temporary shanty is transformed into a comfortable log-cabin; and although the chimney is built of mud or clay, instead of bricks and mortar, and occupies one end of the house, it only shows that the inward man is duly attended to; and the savoury fumes of venison, of the prairie-hen, and of other good things, prove that the comforts of this life are not forgotten, and that due respect is paid to that important organ in the human economy, the stomach.

In a few years, or even months, the retired cabin,

once so solitary, becomes the nucleus of a little settlement; other sections and quarter-sections of land are entered at the land-office by new-comers; new portions of ground are cleared, cabins are erected; and in a short time our youthful city can turn out a force of eight or ten efficient hands, for a *raising-bee*, a *logging-bee*, &c., &c. A sawmill is soon in operation on one of the neighbouring streams, the log-huts receive a poplar weather-boarding, and, as the little settlement increases, a schoolhouse and church appear; a mail is established, and, before many years elapse, a fine road is made to the nearest town; a stage-coach, which runs once or twice a week, connects the frontier with the populous country to the east of it; and the traveller has thus an opportunity of viewing another evidence of American enterprise.



[Village of log-huts.]

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN DANIEL BOON,

Comprising an Account of the Wars with the Indians on the Ohio,
from 1769 to 1782.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. [See Frontispiece.]

It was on the first of May, 1769, that I resigned my domestick happiness, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool.

On the seventh of June, after travelling in a western direction, we found ourselves on Red river, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and from the top of an eminence saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky. For some time we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather. We now encamped, made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season, and began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found abundance of wild beasts in this vast forest. The buffaloes were more numerous than cattle on their settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on these extensive plains. We saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every American kind, we hunted with great success until December.

On the twenty-second of December, John Stuart and I had a pleasing ramble; but fortune changed the day at the close of it. We passed through a great forest, in which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms, others rich with fruits. Nature was here a series of wonders and a fund of delight. Here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers and fruits, beautifully coloured, elegantly shaped, and charmingly flavoured; and we were favoured with numberless animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near Kentucky river, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a canebrake and made us prisoners. The Indians plundered us, and kept us in confinement seven days. During this time, we discovered no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious; but in the dead of night, as we lay by a large fire in a thick canebrake, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me to rest, I gently awoke my companion. We seized this favourable opportunity and departed, directing our course towards the old camp, but found it plundered and our company destroyed or dispersed.

About this time, as my brother with another adventurer who came to explore the country shortly after us, was wandering through the forest, they accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding our unfortunate circumstances, and our dangerous situation, surrounded with hostile savages, our meeting fortunately in the wilderness gave us the most sensible satisfaction.

Soon after this my companion in captivity, John Stuart, was killed by the savages, and the man who came with my brother, while on a private excursion, was soon after attacked and killed by the wolves. We were now in a dangerous and helpless situation,

exposed daily to perils and death, among savages and wild beasts, not a white man in the country but ourselves.

Although many hundred miles from our families, in the howling wilderness, we did not continue in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter. On the first of May, 1770, my brother returned home, for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me alone, without bread, salt, or sugar, or even a horse or a dog. I passed a few days uncomfortably. The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety on my account, would have disposed me to melancholy if I had further indulged the thought.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, when the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season expelled every gloomy thought. Just at the close of the day, the gentle gales ceased; a profound calm ensued; not a breath shook the tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking around with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains and beauteous tracts below. On one hand, I surveyed the famous Ohio rolling in silent dignity, and marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance, I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck which I had killed a few hours before. The shades of night soon overspread the hemisphere, and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture. At a distance I frequently heard the hideous yells of savages. My excursion had fatigued my body and amused my mind. I laid me down to sleep, and awoke not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleasing as the first. After which I returned to my old camp, which had not been disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick canebrakes to avoid the savages, who I believe frequently visited my camp, but fortunately for me, in my absence. No populous city, with all its varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford such pleasure to my mind, as the beauties of nature I found in this country.

Until the twenty-seventh of July, I spent my time in an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures, when my brother, to my great felicity, met me, according to appointment at our old camp. Soon after we left the place, and proceeded to Cumberland river, reconnoitring that part of the country, and giving names to the different rivers.

In March, 1771, I returned home to my family, being determined to bring them as soon as possible, at the risk of my life and fortune, to reside in Kentucky, which I esteemed a second paradise.

On my return, I found my family in happy circumstances. I sold my farm on the Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us, and on the twenty-fifth of September, 1773, we took leave of our friends and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five more families, and forty men that joined us in Powel's Valley, which is one hundred and fifty miles from the new settled parts

of Kentucky. But this promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity.

On the tenth of October the rear of our company was attacked by a party of Indians; who killed six, and wounded one man. Of these my oldest son was one that fell in the action. Though we repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle and brought us into extreme difficulty. We returned forty miles to the settlement on Clinch river. We had passed over two mountains, Powell and Walden's, and were approaching Cumberland mountain, when this adverse fortune overtook us. These mountains are in the wilderness, in passing from the old settlement in Virginia to Kentucky; are ranged in a southwest and northeast direction; are of great length and breadth, and not far distant from each other. Over them nature has formed passes less difficult than might be expected from the view of such huge piles. The aspect of these cliffs are so wild and horrid, that it is impossible to behold them without horror.

Until the sixth of June, 1774, I remained with my family on the Clinch, when myself and another person were solicited by Governour Dummore, of Virginia, to conduct a number of surveyors to the falls of Ohio. This was a tour of eight hundred miles, and took sixty-two days.

On my return, Gov. Dummore gave me the command of three garrisons during the campaign against the Shawanese. In March, 1775, at the solicitation of a number of gentlemen of North Carolina, I attended their treaty at Wataga with the Cherokee Indians, to purchase the lands on the south side of Kentucky river. After this, I undertook to mark out a road in the best passage from the settlements through the wilderness to Kentucky.

Having collected a number of enterprising men well armed, I soon began this work. We proceeded until we came within fifteen miles of where Boonsborough now stands, where the Indians attacked us, and killed two and wounded two more of our party. This was on the twenty-second of March, 1775. Two days after we were again attacked by them, when we had two more killed and three wounded. After this, we proceeded on to Kentucky river without opposition.

On the first of April we began to erect the fort of Boonsborough, at a salt lick sixty yards from the river on the south side. On the fourth the Indians killed one of our men. On the fourteenth of June, having completed the fort, I returned to my family on the Clinch, and whom I soon after removed to the fort. My wife and daughter, were supposed to be the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky river.

On the twenty-fourth of December, the Indians killed one of our men and wounded another; and on the fifteenth of July, 1776, they took my daughter prisoner. I immediately pursued them with eight men, and on the sixteenth overtook and engaged them. I killed two of them and recovered my daughter.

The Indians, having divided themselves into several parties, attacked in one day all our infant settlements and forts, doing a great deal of damage. The husbandmen were ambushed and unexpectedly attacked while toiling in the field. They continued this kind of warfare until the fifteenth of April, 1777,

when nearly one hundred of them attacked the village of Boonsborough, and killed a number of its inhabitants. On the sixteenth Colonel Logan's fort was attacked by two hundred Indians. There were only thirteen men in the fort, of whom the enemy killed two and wounded one.

On the twentieth of August, Colonel Bowman arrived with one hundred men from Virginia, with which additional force we had almost daily skirmishes with the Indians, who began now to learn the superiority of the "long knife," as they termed the Virginians; being outgeneralled in almost every action. Our affairs began now to wear a better aspect, the Indians no longer daring to face us in open field, but sought private opportunities to destroy us.

On the seventh of February, 1778, while on a hunting excursion alone, I met a party of one hundred and two Indians and two Frenchmen, marching to attack Boonsborough. They pursued and took me prisoner, and conveyed me to Old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town on little Miami, where we arrived on the eighteenth of February, after an uncomfortable journey. On the tenth of March I was conducted to Detroit, and while there, was treated with great humanity by Governour Hamilton, the British commander, at that post, and intendant for Indian affairs.

The Indians had such an affection for me, that they refused one hundred pounds sterling, offered them by the governour, if they would consent to leave me with him, that he might be enabled to liberate me on my parole. Several English gentlemen then at Detroit, sensible of my adverse fortune and touched with sympathy, generously offered to supply my wants, which I declined with many thanks, adding that I never expected it would be in my power to recompense such unmerited generosity.

On the tenth of April, the Indians returned with me to Old Chillicothe, where we arrived on the twenty-fifth. This was a long and fatiguing march, although through an exceeding fertile country, remarkable for springs and streams of water. At Chillicothe I spent my time as comfortable as I could expect; was adopted, according to their custom, into a family where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sisters, and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and contented as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at our shooting matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting, for no people are more envious than they in this sport. I could observe in their countenances and gestures the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me, and when the reverse happened, of envy. The Shawanese king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect and entire friendship, often intrusting me to hunt at my liberty. I frequently returned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented some of what I had taken to him, expressive of duty to my sovereign. My food and lodging were in common with them, not so good indeed as I could desire, but necessity made every thing acceptable.

I now began to meditate an escape, and carefully

avoided giving suspicion. I continued at Chillicothe until the first day of June, when I was taken to the salt springs on Scioto, and there employed ten days in the manufacturing of salt. During this time, I hunted with my Indian masters, and found the land for a great extent about this river to exceed the soil of Kentucky.

On my return to Chillicothe, one hundred and fifty of the choicest Indian warriors were ready to march against Boonsborough. They were painted and armed in a frightful manner. This alarmed me, and I determined to escape.

On the twenty-sixth of June, before sunrise, I went off secretly, and reached Boonsborough on the thirtieth, a journey of one hundred and sixty miles, during which I had only one meal. I found our fortress in a bad state, but we immediately repaired our flanks, gates, posterns, and formed double bastions, which we completed in ten days. One of my fellow prisoners escaped after me, and brought advice, that on account of my flight, the Indians had put off their expedition for three weeks.

About the first of August, I set out with nineteen men, to surprise Paint Creek-town on Scioto, within four miles of which we fell in with forty Indians going against Boonsborough. We attacked them, and they soon gave way without any loss on our part.

The enemy had one killed and two wounded. We took three horses and all their baggage. The Indians having evacuated their town, and gone altogether against Boonsborough, we returned, passed them on the sixth, and on the seventh, arrived safe at Boonsborough.

On the ninth, the Indian army, consisting of four hundred and forty-four men, under the command of Captain Duquesne, and eleven other Frenchmen, and their own chiefs, arrived and summoned the fort to surrender. I requested two days' consideration, which was granted. During this we brought in through the posterns all the horses and other cattle we could collect.

On the ninth, in the evening, I informed their commander, that we were determined to defend the fort while a man was living. They then proposed a treaty, they would withdraw. The treaty was held within sixty yards of the fort, as we suspected the savages. The articles were agreed to and signed; when the Indians told us, it was their custom for two Indians to shake hands with every white man in the treaty, as an evidence of friendship. We agreed to this also. They immediately grappled us to take us prisoners, but we cleared ourselves of them, though surrounded by hundreds, and gained the fort safe, except one man, who was wounded by a heavy fire from the enemy.

The savages now began to undermine the fort, beginning at the watermark of Kentucky river, which is sixty yards from the fort; this we discovered by the water being made muddy by the clay. We countermined them by cutting a trench across their subterraneous passage. The enemy discovering this by the clay we threw out of the fort, desisted. On the twentieth of August, they raised the siege, during which we had two men killed and four wounded. We lost a number of cattle. The loss of the enemy was thirty-seven killed, and a much larger number wounded. We picked up one hundred

and twenty-five pounds of their bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of the fort.

In July, 1779, during my absence, Colonel Bowman, with one hundred and sixty men, went against the Shawanese of Old Chillicothe. He arrived undiscovered. A battle ensued, which lasted until ten in the morning, when Colonel Bowman retreated thirty miles. The Indians collected all their strength and pursued him, when another engagement ensued for two hours, not to Colonel Bowman's advantage. Colonel Harrod proposed to mount a number of horses, and break the enemy's line, who at this time fought with remarkable fury. This desperate measure had a happy effect, and the savages fled on all sides. In these two engagements we had nine men killed and one wounded. Enemy's loss uncertain. Only two scalps were taken.

June twenty-third, 1780, five hundred Indians and Canadians under Colonel Bird, attacked Riddle and Martain's station, at the forks of Licking river, with six pieces of artillery. They took all the inhabitants captives, and killed one man and two women, loading the others with the heavy baggage, and such as failed in the journey were tomahawked.

The hostile disposition of the savages caused General Clark, the commandant at the falls of Ohio, to march with his regiment and the armed force of the country against Peccaway, the principal town of the Shawanese, on a branch of the great Miami, which he attacked with great success, took seventy scalps, and reduced the town to ashes, with the loss of seventeen men.

About this time, I returned to Kentucky with my family; for during my captivity, my wife thinking me killed by the Indians, had transported my family and goods on horses, through the wilderness, amidst many dangers, to her father's house in North Carolina.

On the sixth of October, 1780, soon after my settling again at Boonsborough, I went with my brother to the Blue Licks, and on our return he was shot by a party of Indians, who followed me by the scent of a dog, which I shot and escaped. The severity of the winter caused great distress in Kentucky, the enemy during the summer having destroyed most of the corn. The inhabitants lived chiefly on buffalo's flesh.

In the spring of 1782, the Indians harassed us. In May they ravished, killed, and scalped a woman and her two daughters near Ashton's station, and took a negro prisoner. Captain Ashton pursued them with twenty-five men, and in an engagement which lasted two hours, his party were obliged to retreat, having eight killed, and four mortally wounded. Their brave commander fell in the action.

August eighteenth, two boys were carried off from Major Hoy's station. Captain Holder pursued the enemy with seventeen men, who were also defeated, with the loss of seven killed and two wounded. Our affairs became more and more alarming. The savages infested the country and destroyed the whites as opportunity presented. In a field near Lexington, an Indian shot a man, and running to scalp him, was himself shot from the fort, and fell dead upon the ground. All the Indian nations were now united against us.

August fifteenth, five hundred Indians and Canadians came against Brian's station, five miles from Lexington. They assaulted the fort, and killed all the cattle round it; but being repulsed, they retired the third day, having about eighty killed; their wounded uncertain. The garrison had four killed, and nine wounded.

August eighteenth, Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland and myself, speedily collected one hundred and seventy-six men, well-armed, and pursued the savages. They had marched beyond the Blue Licks, to a remarkable bend of the main fork of Licking river, about forty-three miles from Lexington, where we overtook them on the nineteenth. The savages observing us, gave way, and we ignorant of their numbers, passed the river. When they saw our proceedings, having greatly the advantage in situation, they formed their line of battle from one end of the Licking to the other, about a mile from the Blue Licks. The engagement was close and warm for about fifteen minutes, when we being overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, with the loss of sixty-seven men, seven of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much lamented colonels, Todd and Trigg, Major Harland, and my second son, were among the dead. We were afterwards informed that the Indians, on numbering their dead, finding that they had four more killed than we, four of our people they had taken were given up to their young warriors, to be put to death after their barbarous manner.

On our retreat, we were met by Colonel Logan, who was hastening to join us with a number of well-armed men. This powerful assistance we wanted on the day of battle. The enemy said, one more fire from us would have made them give way.

I cannot reflect upon this dreadful scene, without great sorrow. A zeal for the defence of their country led these heroes to the scene of action, though with a few men, to attack a powerful army of experienced warriors. When we gave way, they pursued us with the utmost eagerness, and in every quarter spread destruction. The river was difficult to cross, and many were killed in the flight, some just entering the river, some in the water, others after crossing in ascending the cliffs. Some escaped on horseback, a few on foot; and being dispersed everywhere, in a few hours, brought the melancholy news of this unfortunate battle to Lexington. Many widows were now made. The reader may guess what sorrow filled the hearts of the inhabitants, exceeding any thing that I am able to describe. Being reinforced, we returned to bury the dead, and found their bodies strewed everywhere, cut and mangled in a dreadful manner. This mournful scene exhibited a horror almost unparalleled: some torn and eaten by wild beasts; those in the river eaten by fishes; all in such a putrid condition that no one could be distinguished from another.

When General Clark, at the falls of Ohio, heard of our disaster, he ordered an expedition to pursue the savages. We overtook them within two miles of their town, and we should have obtained a great victory had not some of them met us when about two hundred poles from their camp. The savages fled in the utmost disorder, and evacuated all their towns. We burned to ashes Old Chillicothe, Pecca-

way, New Chillicothe, and Willstown; entirely destroyed their corn and other fruits, and spread desolation through their country. We took seven prisoners and fifteen scalps, and lost only four men, two of whom were accidentally killed by ourselves. This campaign damped the enemy, yet they made secret incursions.

In October, a party attacked Crab Orchard, and one of them being a good way before the other, boldly entered a house, in which were only a woman and her children, and a negro man. The savage used no violence, but attempted to carry off the negro, who happily proved too strong for him, and threw him on the ground, and in the struggle the woman cut off his head with an axe, whilst her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly came up and applied their tomahawks to the door, when the mother putting an old rusty gunbarrel through the crevice, the savages immediately went off.

From that time till the happy return of peace between the United States and Great Britain, the Indians did us no mischief. Soon after this the Indians desired peace.

Two darling sons and a brother I have lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses, and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I spent, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness.

DANIEL BOON.

Fayette county, Kentucky.

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

"A spirit so resolute, yet so adventurous—so unambitious, yet so exalted—a spirit so highly calculated to awaken a love of the pure and the noble, yet so uncommon—never before actuated the ancestral matrons of any land or clime."

THE mothers of our forest-land!

Stout-hearted dames were they;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border-fray.

Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest-land!

On Old Ken-tue-kee's soil,
How shared they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest, and life's toil!

They shrank not from the foe-man—
They quailed not, in the fight—
But cheered their husbands through the day,
And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our forest-land!

Their bosoms pillowed men!
And proud were they by such to stand,
In hammock, fort, or glen.

To load the sure old rifle—
To run the leaden ball—
To stand beside a husband's place,
And fill it should he fall.

The mothers of our forest-land!

Such were their daily deeds,
Their monument!—where does it stand?
Their epitaph!—who reads?

No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome—

Yet who lauds, or honours them,
E'en in their own green home?

The mothers of our forest-land!

They sleep in unknown graves:
And had they borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates, or of slaves,

They had not been more neglected!
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
"The dark and bloody ground."

W. D. GALLAGHER.

VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

SKETCHES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY J. M. PECK.

THE "*Great Water*," as the aboriginal name *Mississippi* signified, was first discovered and visited by Spaniards under Hernando de Soto, in April, 1541—just three hundred years since.

The expedition of De Soto, until recently, has been but little known, and for a long period respectable authors even doubted whether the story of such an exploration, as is now known to have been made, was not mainly fabulous. The careful examination and translation of Spanish and Portuguese authorities have placed the subject beyond controversy.

As our design is to furnish some short sketches of a period from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years later, we shall pass over this Spanish enterprise with a very brief notice. Hernando de Soto was a follower of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru. Enriched with the spoils of the New World, he returned to Spain, his native country, and appeared in great state and equipage at the court of Charles V., where he received the highest honors. He became allied by marriage to a distinguished family of the nobility. But avarice and power are insatiate in their demands. De Soto desired to rival Cortez in glory, and surpass Pizarro in wealth. He earnestly sought permission from the Crown of Spain to conquer Florida, as North America was then called by the Spanish adventurers, at his own expense, and Charles V. readily granted permission, and made him governor of Cuba, and captain-general over all the countries he should subjugate to the Imperial Crown. At that period Florida, or North America, was supposed to abound with wealth, surpassing the riches of Peru and Mexico.

We have not room to describe the *mania* that prevailed in Spain on the fitting out of this expedition. Houses, vineyards and lands were sold by their possessors, to furnish means for the enterprise. Hundreds of Spaniards of all grades embarked in the expedition. Among these were twelve priests, eight ecclesiastics of inferior grade, and four monks; for in all the expeditions of French, Spanish and Portuguese to the New World, the rage for conquest and wealth, and for the conversion of the conquered natives to the Catholic faith, equally prevailed.

De Soto was welcomed to Cuba with long and brilliant festivals and rejoicings. Leaving his wife to the command of the island in his absence, he embarked, in ten small ships, about one thousand soldiers besides seamen, three hundred and fifty horses, with numbers of cattle and swine, and other means to stock and colonize the country. He landed his troops, armament, stock and provisions at the bay of Espiritu Santo, sent back his ships and commenced his march through the country

They found swamps, morasses and rivers in their route, the Indians usually hostile, and, like the present race of Seminoles, refusing to be either conquered or converted. Their march was tedious, full of danger and hardships, and what was far more mortifying, the mines of gold, silver and precious stones, were never found. We can trace their route by the names of the rivers they passed. The names of Ochile, Apalachee, Atapahaw, Cosa (Coosaw,) Tascaluza, and Mauvila (Mobile) are found in their route. The latter was a large town, which is supposed to have stood at the junction of the Alabama and Tombecbe rivers. It is described as "surrounded by a high wall, formed of huge trunks of trees, driven into the ground," with other logs of a smaller size across, bound together with vines, and filled up with mortar. At every fifty paces was a tower capable of holding six or eight fighting men. This town contained several thousand inhabitants and was defended with desperation, and subjugated with great loss by the Spaniards. The description of this and many other towns walled in, some with palisadoes, others with an embankment of earth, explains the origin of the supposed fortifications found amongst the antiquities of the Valley of the Mississippi. Of the Indian tribes mentioned are the Chicaza, the Alibamo, and the Casquin, the last of which were west of the Mississippi, and doubtless answer to the Kaskaskia tribe. A multitude of other names are given which we omit. De Soto and his party were the first Europeans to behold the mighty Mississippi, which rolled its immense mass of waters through the splendid vegetation of an alluvial soil. The lapse of three centuries has not changed the character of the river. It was then described as more than a mile broad, its waters of a muddy, ash color, its current strong and impetuous, and full of floating timber, snags, islands and sand-bars.

The Spaniards called the name of the river *Rio Grande*—the Great River—after its Indian name. De Soto and his men crossed this river near the lower Chickasaw bluffs. The wild fruits at that period, as now, were the walnut, the pecan, the mulberry, the persimmon, the grape, the papaw and the plum. The fish described were the same as now found in the lakes and bayous of that region, and vast herds of buffalo, deer, elk and bear, roamed through the forests and prairies.

The most northerly point reached by De Soto, was an Indian town called *Pacaha*, situated probably in the southern part of Missouri. Finding no prospects of gold in this direction, De Soto and his party turned their course down the Mississippi, still on its western side. They passed through a succession of Indian towns, some of which were enclosed with palisadoes and embankments of earth, and surrounded by a ditch. In one instance they describe an artificial *canal* a league in length, excavated by the natives, and forming a communication between the

river and a large lake. We soon find them near the Washita, and amongst the *Quappus*, a tribe of Indians still in existence.

Their journal throws much light upon western antiquities. Mr. Stephens, in his recent work on the "Antiquities of Central America," has hit the true theory, when he suggests that the erection of the ruined cities he explored is of comparatively modern date, and built by a race of people not yet extinct. We have great conviction of the truth of this theory in relation to the antiquities of the Mississippi Valley, and were the subject investigated in the mode and to the extent desirable, satisfactory evidence may be obtained that the supposed fortifications, and mounds, (so far as the latter are artificial) with other works, are the monuments of the skill and labor of the progenitors of the present race of Indians, and that their origin was within the period of a few hundred years.

The historians of De Soto's expedition, describe towns that were enclosed both with palisadoes and embankments of earth, and in one instance of stone. They describe the residence of the *Caziques*, or chiefs, as built upon a conical hill, and where such an eminence was not found convenient, the people would collect and throw up the earth to form one with great labor.

Other causes are given for the formation of artificial mounds, which we must omit for the present.

In the summer of 1542, De Soto was near the mouth of Red river. His party were now suffering severely, his men and horses dying around him, and the Indians threatening hostilities. The energy and pride of character, which had carried him through greater difficulties than any European adventurer had encountered, now sunk rapidly. A malignant fever ensued, and in three days he died!

Thus perished Hernando de Soto, the companion of Pizarro, the governor of Cuba, and the first discoverer and explorer of the Mississippi!

To conceal his death from the natives, his body was wrapped in a mantle, with suitable weights, and in the stillness of midnight, was silently sunk in the middle of the "Great Water." "The discoverer of the river slept beneath its turbid waves. He had crossed the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burying place. The Indians were taught he had ascended to the sun. His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by grieving at their loss, and the priests chanted their requiems over his watery grave!"

His successor, Luis de Moscoso, with the party, penetrated the western wilderness, and vast prairies, as they supposed, one hundred and fifty leagues, until they came in sight of vast ridges of mountains. Despairing of reaching Mexico, as they designed, they returned once more to the Mississippi, a few leagues above the mouth of Red river. Here they set up a forge, collected all the scraps of old iron

they had brought from Florida, and, with great difficulty and labor, constructed five brigantines, and after seventeen days of peril and suffering, the survivors of the expedition, less than three hundred men, reached the town of Panuco, on the Mexican coast.

The survivors, in fact, were blackened, haggard, shrivelled, half naked and starved; clad only in the skins of deer and buffalo, and as the Spanish narrators states, looked more like wild beasts than men.

The history of this expedition was written both in Portuguese and Spanish, within a few years after the return of De Moscoso, and the fragments of his army. The Portuguese narrative was written by a soldier who was in the expedition. An English translation of this work was published by Hackluyt, in 1609, and an imperfect abridgment is to be found in Purchas' Pilgrims, 1686. The Spanish history is by Inca Garcilaso de la Vega, a Spanish ecclesiastic, and written from the journals of the men, and from conversations with the survivors.

A complete work, in two volumes, has been collated and published from both these authorities by Theodore Irving, Esq. Mr. Bancroft, in his History of the United States, vol. i. has given an outline of this expedition, and Herrera, the Spanish historian so frequently referred to by Dr. Robertson, in his history of America, copied a large proportion of the narrative of Garcilaso.

We shall now leave the "Great River" to roll its turbid waters, unnoticed and undisturbed by European adventurers, for the period of one hundred and thirty years, when the light canoe of Joliet and Marquette entered it from Canada by the route of the Wisconsin, (or as governor Doty has nick-named it, the *Wiskonsan*, for which there is not a particle of Indian or French authority.) It does not appear from any authority we have noticed that the French explorers possessed any knowledge of the discovery of De Soto. About 1670, the notion prevailed amongst the French who had visited Canada, that a western passage to the Pacific ocean existed by means of a great river. This idea they had gotten from the Indians along the northern lakes, but of its course or termination they knew nothing.

M. Talon, the Intendant of New France, as Canada was then called, was a person of singular genius and enterprise, and he selected Joliet and Marquette to settle this question. Joliet was an enterprising trader of Quebec, and largely acquainted with the Indians—Marquette was a zealous missionary of the Recollet order, and of much experience. They conducted an expedition through the lakes, up Green bay and Fox river, across the portage to the Wisconsin, and descended that river to the Mississippi, which they reached on the 17th of June, 1673. They descended the river to the Arkansas, and having satisfied themselves its course was to the Gulf of Mexico, and their stock of provisions being nearly exhausted, they deemed it unsafe to proceed further amongst

unknown tribes of savages, and they returned to Canada by the way of the Illinois river and Chicago. Count de Frontinac gave the name of *Colbert* to the river they had explored, in compliment to the French minister of Marine.

The services of Joliet were rewarded by a grant of the island of Anticosti, near the mouth of the river St Lawrence.

Marquette returned to his humble missionary labors amongst the Indians. Charlevoix relates, that on the 18th of May, 1675, while on his way from Chicago to Michilimacinae, he entered a river now bearing his own name, where he let drop some expressions, which plainly indicated that he should end his days at that place. Soon after the boat landed, he erected his altar and said mass; after which he retired a short distance to return thanks, desiring the men with him to absent themselves for half an hour. On their return they found him dead!

Judge Martin, in his History of Louisiana, remarks,—

“This important discovery filled all Canada with joy, and the inhabitants of the capital followed the constituted authorities of the colony to the cathedral church, where the bishop, surrounded by his clergy, sung a solemn *Te Deum*. Little did they suspect that the event, for which they were rendering thanks to heaven, was marked, in the book of fate, as a principal one among those, which were to lead to the expulsion of the French nation from North America; that Providence had not designed the shores of the mighty stream for the abode of the vassals of any European prince; but had decreed that it should be for a while the boundary, and forever after roll its waves in the midst of those free and prosperous communities, that now form the confederacy of the United States.”

Several years passed by before any attempt was made to follow up the discoveries of Joliet and Marquette. As in all military expeditions of the Spanish and French, the priest was the companion of the soldier, so in all explorations, and trading establishments, the Catholic missionary was indispensable to the company.

Trading posts and missionary stations had been formed along the lakes to Michilimacinae and the bay of Puants. Between 1678 and 1680, M. de la Salle, accompanied by chevalier Tonti, Father Louis Hennepin, of the order of Franciscans, and others, established trading posts along lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan, and the river Illinois. The history of these expeditions have been so recently and so often before the reading community, that a repetition in this place is deemed unnecessary. La Salle was the commander. Tonti, his lieutenant, afterwards became the historian. Hennepin also wrote two sketches, both of which were subsequently published, one of which, however, is unquestionably fabulous.

The original plan of the enterprise was for M. de la Salle to proceed down the Mississippi to its mouth,

while Hennepin penetrated that river to its source. But La Salle, finding it necessary to return from his trading post, on the Illinois, to Canada for additional supplies, instructed M. Dacan and Hennepin, to proceed with all despatch to explore the Upper Mississippi. Accordingly they departed from fort Creve Cœur, on the Illinois, with two men, and entered the Mississippi, March 8th, 1680. They ascended the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony, which they named. Here they were made prisoners by the Indians, were detained some months, and finally made their way into Canada by the Wisconsin. Returning to France, Hennepin published a splendid account of the vast country he discovered, which he named *Louisiana*, in honor of Louis XIV., and dedicated it to the great Colbert. In this work he makes no mention of proceeding down the Mississippi. After the exploration of that river by La Salle, and his death, and after the publication of La Salle's expedition by Tonti, Hennepin published another journal, including a voyage down the “Great River” prior to that of La Salle. This part of his story is evidently fictitious, and has been condemned by many distinguished writers. This new and revised edition of his journals was published in England in 1698, whither he had fled from France. The truth is, there is very little dependence to be placed in Hennepin. Peter Kalm, a Swedish naturalist, who was in Canada in 1759, says of Hennepin, “He has gained very little credit in Canada; the name of honor they give him there, is, the great liar: he writes of places he never saw.” Stoddard says, “His pretensions to the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi, are founded in fraud and imposture.”

From all that we can gather, the trading posts of Cahokia and Kaskaskia, in Illinois, were established by La Salle, in 1683, while on his exploration of the Mississippi.

La Salle returned to France, fitted out an expedition to form a colony near the mouth of the “Great River,” but missed the place and sailed westward along the Gulf of Mexico, and finally landed at the mouth of the river Guadaloupe, on the west side of the bay of St. Bernard. Here he built a fort, made a settlement of one hundred men, and with a party of fifty men made another unsuccessful attempt to find the mouth of the Mississippi. Returning to the bay of St. Bernard, the party coasted along its eastern side, and entered a river, which, from the number of cattle found on its banks, was called Cow river. This is supposed to be the same as the Rio Colorado of Texas. Sixteen miles up this river La Salle built another fort which he named St. Louis, which mounted twelve pieces of cannon and contained a subterranean magazine. To this point he brought his colony. Here misfortune succeeded to misfortune. The Indians attacked the party and were beaten off with difficulty. Sickness proved fatal to the colony, and about one hundred of the adventurers miserably per-

ished. Disease and the fatigues of warfare interrupted the labors of agriculture. The seed grain did not germinate and but a scanty crop was realized. And to finish the series of calamities of this first Texan colony, their vessels, and a large part of their provisions and stores were destroyed by violent storms, and the neglect or unskilfulness of the officers and pilots.

Such was the painful situation of the colony, that in April, 1686, La Salle selected twenty men, and made an effort to reach the Mississippi river by land in a northeastern direction. He proceeded some four or five hundred miles, but high waters, sickness, the desertion of some of his men and the want of ammunition compelled him to return. In this excursion, La Salle visited several powerful nations of Indians, who in general treated him with kindness. After spending the summer with the colony, and finding no relief arrive for his people, he again set out in January, 1687, with twenty men, to reach, if possible, the Mississippi, and proceed to his colonies in Illinois. The winter rains had raised all the rivers, and incredible hardships were imposed on himself and his men. After wandering and suffering two months they reached a delightful part of the country that abounded with game. A portion of the men under his command had time to reflect on the fatigues they had suffered, and secretly to deliberate on the means of escaping further toil. These poor fellows were from the lowest grade of society in France, wholly destitute of moral principles, and ready for the commission of the blackest crimes. They had been accustomed to steal or beg their bread about the streets of Rochelle, and honor and gratitude formed no part of their characters. They finally resolved to murder La Salle, and all such as should obstruct their designs, and remain in the country amongst the Indians. An opportunity soon offered. M. de la Salle sent his nephew, servant, and hunter in pursuit of buffalo. These were shot by the murderous party in ambush. Their absence rendered him uneasy, especially as he had discovered signs of treachery among some of his men, and he went in search of his companions; leaving the party with Father Athanasius. Meeting Lancelot, one of the suspicious men, he enquired for his nephew, and the wretch pointed to a spot over which the buzzards were hovering. As La Salle advanced he was shot through the head by Duhault, and another assassin, who lay concealed in the tall grass, and died within an hour.

Thus perished M. de la Salle, on the 19th of March, 1687, the first French explorer of the Mississippi to its mouth. He was illustrious for his courage, enterprise, perseverance and misfortunes. He was one of the greatest adventurers of the age in which he lived, and his discoveries were extensive and of importance to the French nation. He was the first European who established permanent colonies along the Mississippi, and opened the way

for the settlement of Illinois, Missouri and Louisiana.

The murderers of La Salle, joined by other malcontents, took possession of the provisions, ammunition, and every thing belonging to the deceased. They soon quarreled among themselves, and the two assassins were shot. Father Athanasius, Cavalier, (another priest and brother of La Salle,) with seven others found their way to Illinois, and from thence to France. Many of the colonists, left on the Colorado, perished with hunger and sickness, or were cut off by the Indians. About two years after the death of La Salle, the few survivors were seized by the crews of some Spanish vessels, and conducted to New Leon. Thus ended the first colony in Texas.

For the period of ten years after the death of La Salle, war prevailed between the English colonies of New England, and the French colonies of New France, under Count de Frontinac, and no attempt was made to carry out the favorite project of La Salle, of colonizing the Lower Mississippi. The colonies of Illinois, under the management of the chevalier Tonti, received accessions, and missions were established by the Jesuit and other orders, amongst various Indian tribes. The Canadian hunters, or *coureurs du bois*, made excursions to the Mississippi, missionaries were planted amongst the Indians on the Illinois, Ohio, and other tributaries of that river. Before 1699, they had stations amongst the Tensas, Yazous and Oumas on the Lower Mississippi.

After the peace of Riswick, which put an end to the hostilities between the French and English colonies in the north, M. Iberville, who had commanded the French fleet along the coast of Acadia, projected the prosecution of the plan of La Salle, of establishing colonies on the Lower Mississippi. A small fleet was fitted out, and a company of marines, with about two hundred colonists, including a few women and children. Iberville coasted along the Gulf in search of the settlement of the unfortunate La Salle, and discovered some of the mouths of the "Great River," and finally fixed on the bay of Biloxi, at the mouth of the Rio Perdido, where he erected a fort and planted his colony, in 1699. M. Bienville, the brother of Iberville, was sent with ten Canadians, in two perogues, to explore the Mississippi and find places for settlements. They crossed lakes Ponchartrain and Maurepas, and entered the "Great River" through Bayou Manchac. Floating down to the forks they met an English ship of sixteen guns, commanded by captain Bar, who informed Bienville that he had left another ship below, employed in sounding the passes of the river. These ships had been sent out by Danial Coxe of New Jersey, who claimed an immense tract of land, granted by Charles I. of England to Sir Robert Heath, in 1627. They were afterwards to return, and convoy out vessels with families to establish an English colony. Captain Bar,

was uncertain whether the river he was in was the Mississippi, and Bienville contrived to deceive him with the notion that it lay much further to the west, and that the country where they were, was a portion of the French colony of Canada. At the place where the ship was detained by unfavorable winds was a singular bend, which, from meeting the English ship, was called the *English Turn*, a name it still retains. Two or three little settlements were made by Bienville, along the river, now known as St. Francisville, Baton Rouge, and Fort Adams.

Iberville made several voyages to France for colonists and necessities, and finally died in one of the West India islands, while fitting out an expedition against Carolina.

M. Bienville now became commandant of the colony in Louisiana. The first settlers of this colony do not appear to have resorted to the earth for a subsistence, but depended entirely on supplies from France or St. Domingo. Fishing and hunting afforded them fresh meat, and the people carried on a small trade with the Indians. The officers of government, instead of concentrating the population, and directing their attention to agriculture, seemed intent on making new discoveries, and exploring the country for the precious metals. The wool of the buffalo was pointed out to them as the future staple commodity of the country, and they had a number of these animals confined and tamed for that purpose. Two descriptions of colonists came out with Iberville. The first were unaccustomed to manual labor, but they possessed enterprise, and expected to realize fortunes from the Indian trade, and from the mines of gold and silver with which they fancied the country abounded. The second class, and those much the most numerous, were poor, idle and vicious, and expected to be supported by the bounty of government, rather than by their own industry. Accessions to the colony only made their condition the more deplorable. During the short administration of Iberville, more than sixty persons perished with disease and hunger, so that at the close of the year 1705, the colony was reduced to one hundred and fifty persons.

Some attempts were made to explore new and distant regions. In the year 1700, St. Denys, twelve Canadians and a number of Indians were sent on a voyage of discovery up Red river. After a tiresome expedition of six months, the party returned without gaining any material information concerning the Indian tribes on Upper Red river.

Another party under Lesueur, ascended the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony, which Dacan and Hennepin had visited, in 1630. Lesueur and his party proceeded up the St. Peter's river more than one hundred and twenty miles, and entered another stream, which from the color of its waters, he named Green river, and near which was a mine of copper and ochre. Here he built a fort and passed the winter. In the spring they returned with thirteen thou-

sand weight of ore, which they reported to have gathered near a mountain, and which was shipped from Biloxi to France.

Between 1705 and 1712, the colony in Louisiana suffered from attacks of hostile Indians, as well as from scarcity of provisions. Five Frenchmen were killed by the Tagouiaeo Indians, who dwelt on one of the streams that flowed into the *Ouabache*, as the Ohio was then called. Bienville then attacked the Alabamas, without gaining any material advantage. The Choctaws and Chickasaws were friendly, but soon a war broke out between these tribes, in which the colonists became involved. Father Foucault and his colleague were murdered by the Coroas.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the French of Kaskaskia discovered the copper mines in Wisconsin territory, and formed an establishment for working them, but they were interrupted and driven off by the Indians.

They next turned their attention up the Misoari river, which they ascended in 1705, as far as the mouth of the Kansas river, and met with a friendly reception from the natives. They were soon after engaged in trade with the Missouri Indians.

The colony of Louisiana suffered extremely for the first thirteen years of its existence. Contentions and jealousies existed among the colonial authorities, and the people were dissatisfied. Many of their misfortunes may be attributed to mismanagement and want of system. In that period of time, about two thousand five hundred settlers arrived, very few returned, and yet in 1712, it contained only four hundred whites, twenty negro slaves, and about three hundred head of cattle. The money expended on the colony in that period amounted to the enormous sum of 689,000 livres.

At this time the war in Europe demanded all the attention and resources of the Crown of France. The king, though unable to afford supplies, was determined to keep Louisiana out of the hands of his enemies.

The country was still supposed to possess immense mineral riches in gold, silver and precious stones, although these precious metals had remained undiscovered by both the Spanish and French explorers. By letters patent, bearing date September 14th, 1712, Louis XIV. granted to Anthony Crozat, counsellor of state, &c., the exclusive privilege of the commerce of Louisiana. This embraced the whole country lying on both sides of the river Mississippi, and included now in the states of Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Illinois, Arkansas, and Missouri. He was constituted proprietor of all the mines he should discover in the country, reserving to the Crown one fifth of all bullion of gold and silver, and one tenth of the produce of all other mines. The exclusive privilege of commerce was granted for the term of fifteen years; but the property of the mines was conveyed in perpetuity to him and his

heirs, on condition of a reversion to the Crown of France of all such mines and minerals, should the working of them be discontinued for three years in succession.

In 1716, the famous banker, John Law, through the patronage of the regent, Duke of Orleans, obtained a charter from the crown for his celebrated bank. It was first composed of twelve hundred shares of three thousand livres each, which soon rose to a high premium. The next year, (1717) M. Crozart solicited permission to retrocede to the Crown his privilege of the exclusive commerce and the mines of Louisiana, which was granted by an arret of the council of state, during the minority of Louis XV. The same month, letters patent were granted to an association of individuals at Paris, under the name of "*The Company of the West*," by which they were invested with exclusive privileges of the commerce of Louisiana, and the working of the mines to the same extent as Crozart, with additional rights and privileges of disposing of the lands. The revenue from the mines, reserved to the Crown in the patent of Crozart, were declared to belong to the company. This company was connected at once with Law's famous bank, and the income from the commerce, lands and mines of Louisiana, occupied the place of a specie capital, and constituted the foundation of its credit. The next year it was declared a royal bank, and its shares rose to twenty times their par value. Thousands of capitalists rushed to the stock board, the "Mississippi Bubble" was soon inflated, which burst in 1720, and left the deluded speculators penniless. Like modern bubbles of "Fancy Stocks," the most extravagant anticipations were entertained by the members of the Company of the West, and which resulted in the most signal disappointment.

Major Stoddard, in his Historical Sketches of Louisiana, very justly remarks:

"The Mississippi scheme was no less bold in its conception, than disastrous in its consequences. It seized within its grasp, the bank, the mint, all the trading companies, and all the revenues of the kingdom. The object was to employ this vast capital in opening the rich mines of Louisiana, and in cultivating its fertile soil, in carrying on the whole commerce of the nation, and in managing its revenues. The company created three hundred thousand shares, at five hundred livres each; three hundred thousand shares, at five thousand livres each; all of which were sold in market, and before the completion of the sales they arose to an enormous height. The amount of stock thus created, without taking the rise into calculation, amounted to sixteen hundred and seventy-seven millions five hundred thousand livres; or *three hundred and ten millions six hundred and forty-eight thousand, one hundred and forty-eight dollars!*

"Such indeed was the phrenzy of speculation, that the whole nation, clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, princes and statesmen, mechanics and even ladies, employed their wealth in purchasing these

shares. The scheme was calculated to enrich the nation as well as the holders of the scrip; but a perfidious breach of royal faith destroyed the credit of the paper, and multitudes were involved in ruin, though the public treasury gained by it the annual sum of twenty-three millions of livres. The enemies of the financier Law, (and these were the dignified clergy, who were ambitious of getting him superceded in office by one of their own order,) prevailed on the regent to reduce, by an arret, the value of the paper, so as to bring it on a level with the coin, and other commodities of the kingdom. This reduction destroyed all public confidence; it proved fatal to the minister, and to the splendid paper fabric, which vanished like a dream, and left the multitude to bewail their credulity, and to execrate the authors of their ruin."

Whatever might have been the immediate cause of the downfall of this splendid and gigantic system of factitious credit, it must be obvious to all reflecting men, that its ultimate dissolution was inevitable. Its foundation rested on the commerce and metallic wealth of Louisiana. Fancy exhibited the immense mines of gold and silver of the Valley of the Mississippi, sought in vain by De Soto, as its basis. The gold and silver remains still undiscovered.

Doubtless this Company of the West was of great service in settling the country, and preserving the colony from starvation. Under its auspices hundreds of adventurers came out, New Orleans was founded in 1717, tobacco was cultivated, Fort Chartres in Illinois built, and the lead mines of Missouri discovered and worked. Colonies were extended at various points along the Mississippi river. In 1731, the company surrendered the country to the Crown.

The same year the "Company of the West" was instituted, the project of an exploration for minerals in Illinois and Missouri was formed. The most liberal inducements to French emigrants, especially miners and mechanics, were held out, and *Phillipe Francis Renault*, as agent and manager of the Company of St. Phillips, came out. This company was an association of individuals, formed under the patronage of the Company of the West, for prosecuting the mining business in Upper Louisiana. Renault is supposed to have been a prominent member of the Western Company, and in some documents he is spoken of as *Director-general of the Mines of the Royal India Company in Illinois*. He left France in the year 1719, with two hundred mechanics, miners and laborers, and provided with all things necessary to prosecute the objects of the company.

At St. Domingo, he purchased five hundred slaves for working the mines, which he brought to Illinois, where he arrived in 1720. These were the progenitors of those now held to servitude in Illinois, and distinguished as "French slaves." Kaskaskia and Cahokia were then mission stations and French trading posts. At that period the Indians of Illinois did not exceed five thousand in number. Those near the

French settlement, were near Cahokia, and in the vicinity of Kaskaskia. The *Caoquias* and *Tamarouas*, (according to the French orthography of the period,) two Illinois tribes united, had their village near the present site of Cahokia, and five miles south-east from St. Louis. Here was a chapel and two missionaries. At Kaskaskia, as Charlevoix states, the Jesuits had a college and a flourishing mission, divided and situated in two places. The most numerous was on the American Bottom, about fifteen miles up the Mississippi river from Kaskaskia. Still further up was a mission site and a small Indian village. The whole number of the Indians throughout the Valley of the Mississippi, by no means equalled the suppositions of some of our modern authors. Their villages were widely dispersed and contained but a few hundred, men, women and children.

Renault established himself and his colony a few miles above Kaskaskia, in what is now the southwest corner of Monroe county, and called the village he founded St. Phillips, and near it planned and built Fort Chartres. Some authorities, however, represent this work to have been projected several years earlier, but after a careful examination of the subject, the evidence is decidedly in favor of Renault. From this point he sent out his mining and exploring parties into various sections of Illinois and Upper Louisiana, as Missouri was then called. Excavations for minerals were made along Drewry's creek in Jackson county, about the St. Mary in Randolph county, in Monroe county, along Silver creek in St. Clair county, and in many other places in Illinois, the remains of which are still visible. Silver creek took its name from these explorers, and tradition states that considerable quantities of silver ore was raised and sent over to France. It is thought, however, that no successful discoveries were made.

In Missouri, the exploring and mining parties were headed by M. La Motte, an agent said to have been well versed in the knowledge of mining. In one of his earliest excursions, he discovered the lead mines on the St. Francois, which bear his name.

Amongst these early "money diggers," was De Lochon. He claimed to be a mineralogist, and was sent up the *Meremeg*, a stream that enters the Mississippi from the west, about eighteen miles below St. Louis. De Lochon having dug in a place pointed out to him, drew up a large quantity of ore, a pound of which employed him four days in smelting, and as he pretended, obtained two drams of pure silver. His associates accused him of putting in that amount himself. Some months after, having forgotten the place, he hit upon the same "digging," without being aware of his silver mine; he succeeded in obtaining, from about three thousand weight of ore, fourteen pounds of poor *lead*, which cost him four hundred francs. Others were sent out but with no better success. Renault made various discoveries of lead, and made considerable excavations at the

mines north of Potosi, Mo., that still bear his name but the company were entirely disappointed in all their high raised expectations of finding gold and silver.

Renault finally turned his whole attention to the smelting of lead, of which he made considerable quantities. It was conveyed from the interior on pack horses to the Mississippi river, sent to New Orleans in perogues, and from thence shipped to France.

The object of the company having failed, and its interests retroceded to the crown of France, Renault was left without the means of prosecuting the mining business. His efforts and expenses were not overlooked by the government. He received grants of lands on four occasions. One of these covered the site of Peoria, Illinois, and the adjacent country, and is still claimed by purchase from his heirs and representatives. It has never been confirmed and probably never will be.

Renault remained in Illinois till 1742, when he sold off his slaves to his French neighbors, and returned to France, and the mining business went down.

Amongst the explorers of Louisiana, of the "olden time," we must not overlook the name of *Bernard de la Harpe*. Major Stoddard, in his *Sketches of Louisiana*, says he "has had access to the manuscript journal of this gentleman," and that "it in a great measure comprehends the history of Louisiana from its first discovery to 1722." We have already noticed the exploration of Red river by St. Denys. In 1716, he again penetrated the interior, with mules, horses and goods from Nachatoches to Guadaloupe, in Texas, where his goods and men were taken by the Spaniards and carried to Mexico.

In 1719, *La Harpe*, with a body of troops, ascended Red river to the village of the Cadoques, and built a fort which he called *St. Louis de Carlorette*. A correspondence was opened between him and the Spanish commandant, and also the superior of the missions in Texas. The Spanish commandant expressed desires to be at peace with the French, but claimed that the post *La Harpe* occupied was within the Spanish territory. *La Harpe* replied that the Spaniards well knew the post on Red river was not within the dominions of Spain, that the province they called Texas formed a part of Louisiana; that *La Salle* had discovered and taken possession of it in 1685, and that this possession had been renewed at various times since that period; that the Spanish adventurer, *Don Antonio du Miroir*, who discovered the northern provinces in 1683, never penetrated east of New Mexico, or the Rio Bravo, that the French were the first to make alliances with the Indian nations: that the rivers flowed into the Mississippi, consequently the lands between them belonged to France; and that if he would do him the pleasure of a visit, he

would find that he occupied a post which he knew how to defend. Here are the arguments, as employed by La Harpe, of the right of the United States to Texas. "in a nut shell." The contest ended with this correspondence, and the post established by La Harpe, was maintained by the French till Louisiana fell into the hands of Spain at the treaty of 1762, though the government was not changed until 1769.

M. de la Harpe in 1720, with half a dozen soldiers, a few Indians, and eleven horses, loaded with goods and provisions, made an excursion from his post on Red river, to the Washita and Arkansas rivers. He met with a friendly reception from the Indians, took possession of the country, and hoisted the flag of France. He sold his goods profitably, and then floated down the Arkansas in perogues to the Mississippi, and reached Biloxi through Boyou Manchac, and lakes Maurepas and Ponchartrain. On the Arkansas, La Harpe describes an Indian village of three miles in extent, containing upwards of four thousand inhabitants. He describes it as situated about one hundred and twenty miles south-west of the Osages.

Various attempts had been made by the French to establish a colony on the bay of St. Bernard, without success. In 1721, La Harpe, under royal orders, embarked at New Orleans with a detachment of troops, engineers and draftsmen, to take a more accurate survey of the bay and country than his predecessors had done. He found eleven and a half feet of water on the bar at the entrance, and surveyed four large rivers that entered it. He described the soil along the coast as extremely fertile, and the country beautifully variegated with woods, prairies, and streams of pure water. This bay is now known as Galveston.

Another explorer was named *M. Dutisne*. He was sent out to explore the country of the Missouri, Osages, and Panoucas. He ascended the Mississippi to the mouth of the Saline river, about twenty miles below St. Genevieve, and from thence traveled westward, over a rocky, broken and timbered country, as he reckoned, three hundred and fifty miles, to the principal village of the *Osages*. This village he describes as situated on a hill about five miles from the Osage river, and contained about one hundred cabins, and two hundred warriors. These Indians spent but a small part of their time at their village, being engaged in hunting the other part.

The *Panoucas* were in two villages, about one hundred and twenty miles west of the Osages, in a prairie country, abounding with buffaloes. Near them were three hundred horses, which the Indians prized exceedingly. The *Paonis* were at the distance of four hundred and fifty miles. The village of the *Missouris* was situated three hundred and fifty yards from the river that bears their name. M. Dutisne took formal possession of the country in the name of the king of France, and erected posts with the king's arms as a testimony of the claim.

A few isolated facts, gleaned from various authorities, will close these sketches.

To encourage compact settlements and the cultivation of the soil, it was imagined that large grants of land, of several miles in front on the large rivers, to powerful and wealthy individuals in France, would be sound policy. Accordingly a large grant was made to John Law, the great bank projector, of twelve miles square, lying on the Arkansas river.

Law stipulated to bring fifteen hundred German emigrants to settle this and other tracts. Two hundred Germans came out in 1721, and landed at Biloxi, but never reached the Arkansas. Amongst these was a female adventurer, who had been attached to the wardrobe of the wife of Czarowitz Alexius Petrovitz, the only son of Peter the Great, emperor of Russia. She put on the airs of a princess, and imposed on the credulity of many persons, and the report soon prevailed that she was the daughter of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, whom the Czarowitz had married, had treated with cruelty, and, as was the common report in Europe, had died. The fictitious princess succeeded in producing the belief that she had been the real wife of the brutal Czarowitz, that instead of death and burial, she had fled secretly, had traveled in France, incognito, and taken passage at L'Orient among the German emigrants. Her story gained credit, and especially with the chevalier d'Aubant, a Prussian and an officer of the garrison at Mobile, who had been at St. Petersburg, had seen the real princess, and who in the mingled feelings of love and chivalry, imagined he recognized her features in those of her servant-maid. In short he married her, and after a long residence in Louisiana, returned with her to Paris, with a daughter, where he left her a widow. She went to Brunswick, where her imposture was discovered, and she was ordered to leave the country. She returned to Paris, lived in great poverty, and died in 1771.

THE MASSACRE OF THE NATCHEZ.

The Natchez were the most powerful and intelligent tribe of Indians in the Valley of the Mississippi. Their residence is sufficiently indicated by the city that perpetuates their name, though they spread over a considerable portion of the southern part of the state of Mississippi. According to their own traditions, they had migrated from the south, and their manners, customs and opinions, in many respects, resembled the more civilized Mexicans and Peruvians. They were idolaters, worshipers of the sun, had a temple, and an altar dedicated to that luminary, on which a perpetual fire burned. At first they treated the French colonists with great kindness. In 1722, the Chickasaws gave them trouble, and attacked and destroyed a fort on the Yazous. The friendly exertions of the Natchez saved the settlers. The next year, (1723,) the commandant at Fort Rosalie treated them with indignity and injustice. The quarrel

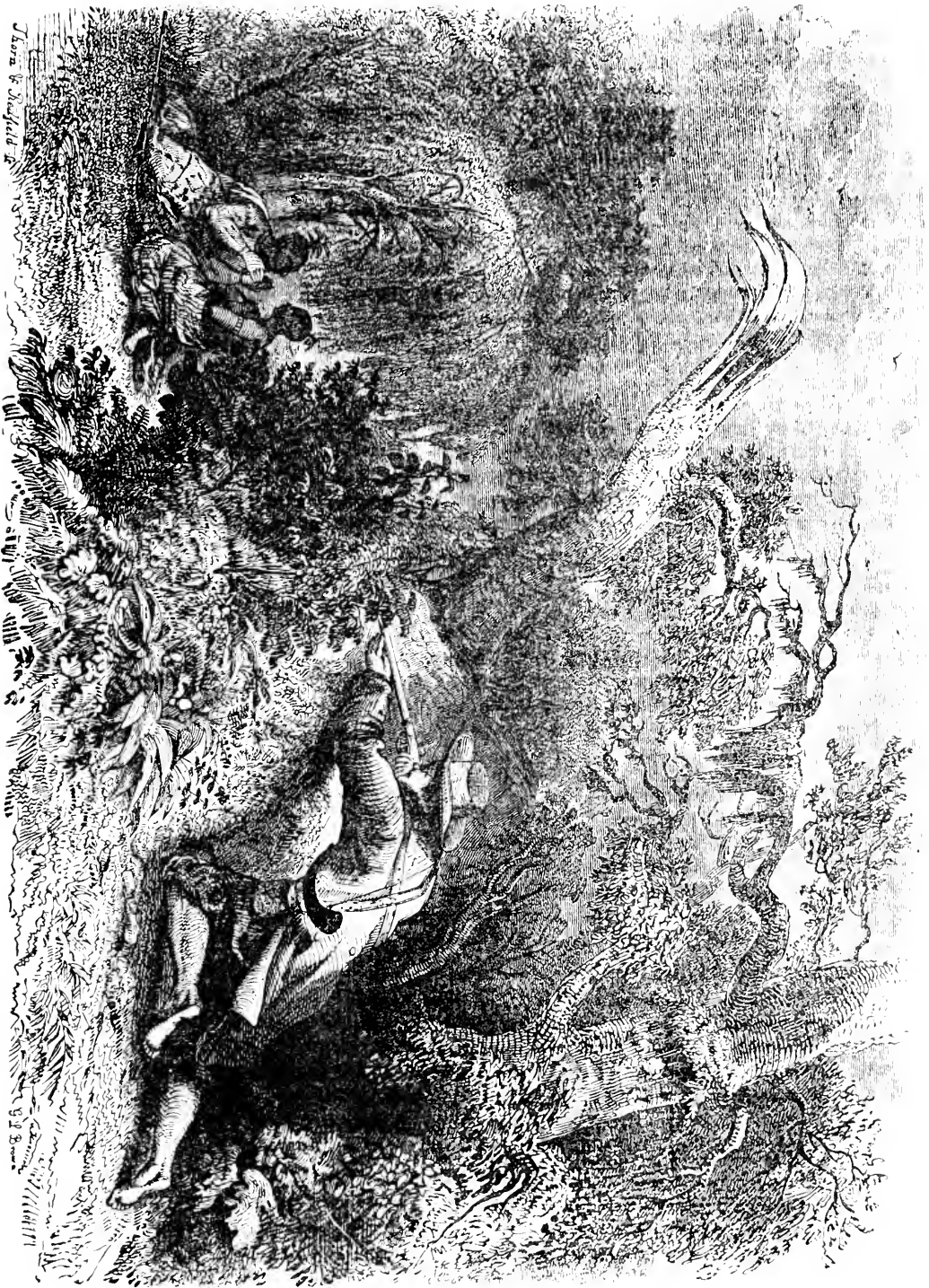
began between an old Natchez warrior and a soldier about some corn. The Natchez challenged the Frenchman to single combat, who, in alarm, cried murder! The Natchez turned to depart from the camp, was fired upon by the guard and was mortally wounded. No punishment was inflicted on the perpetrators, while, in other respects, the commandant rendered himself odious to the Natchez. The murder of the warrior aroused up the whole tribe to seek revenge, and they attacked the French in all quarters and killed many of them. At last the Stung Serpent, an influential chief, interposed his authority, a treaty of peace was made, and former confidence restored. The peace served to lull the Natchez into security, and gave the French opportunity to meditate and execute one of the blackest acts of treachery. The governor, Bienville, ratified the treaty, and soon after, in a most cautious and dastardly manner, arrived at Fort Rosalie with seven hundred men, and attacked and slaughtered the defenceless natives for four days. From this time the Natchez despaired of living in peace with the French, and secretly and silently plotted their destruction. By 1729, M. de Chopart, the commandant at Fort Rosalie, had been guilty of such repeated acts of injustice, as to render an investigation of his conduct inevitable, and he was ordered to appear before M. Perier, who at that time administered the government at New Orleans. But he found means to justify himself, and was restored to the command. On his return he continued to indulge his malice against the Indians. The act that stung them to madness was his attempt to build a town on the site of the village of White Apple, a large Indian town, situated about twelve miles below the city of Natchez and three miles from the Mississippi, and which they regarded as a sacred place. He ordered their huts to be removed and the Indians to leave the village. Among the fruitful expedients to gain time, till they could unite the warriors of the nation, and devise means to take vengeance on their enemies, they proposed to give the French commandant each one fowl and one basket of corn for permission to remain till after harvest. They held frequent and secret councils amongst themselves, and invited the Chickasaws to join them. Notwithstanding their secrecy, one of their chief women suspected the plot, and revealed it to a soldier. Still M. Chopart disregarded the warning. The plot being matured, on the 30th of November, 1729, the Grand Sun, with his warriors, repaired to the fort with the tribute of corn and fowls. They rushed into the gate, disarmed the soldiers and commenced an indiscriminate massacre. The slaves and a few of the women and children were saved. All the men were murdered. Not a chief or warrior would stain his hands with the blood of M. Chopart, and one of the meanest of the Indians was ordered to kill him with a wooden tomahawk. The settlement contained about seven hundred French, of whom a very few only escaped.

The forts and settlements on the Yazous and Washita shared the same fate!

The news of this massacre filled New Orleans with alarm and dismay, but M. Perier, the commandant, was very active in devising the means of redress. The French gained the Chickasaws to their side, who furnished fifteen hundred warriors, which were met in the neighborhood of Natchez with a detachment of troops from New Orleans, under command of M. Loubois.

The Natchez expected to be attacked, and had strongly fortified themselves in the fort. They professed to be desirous of peace, and much finesse was employed on both sides. At last the Natchez contrived to desert the fort in the night, and, loaded with plunder, they crossed the Mississippi and returned to a position on Red river a few miles below Nachitoches. Here they erected a fort. M. Perier, having received a reinforcement from France, marched a strong force, with artillery, against them. They defended themselves bravely, made several desperate sallies, but were repulsed with great slaughter. Their defence and their attempts to negotiate a peace were all in vain, and they finally surrendered at discretion. The women and children were reduced to slavery, and dispersed among the plantations. The remnants of this once powerful nation were finally sent to St. Domingo. Thus perished the most enlightened, civilized, and noble tribe of this continent. A few fugitives, who escaped the massacre, fled to the Chickasaws and Creeks and became amalgamated with those tribes.

We have already stated the religion of the Natchez was idolatrous. One of their customs was barbarous. On the death of a chief, or Sun, as they were called, and on some other occasions, human sacrifices were offered. Their chief Suns were invested with absolute power, and there were inferior Suns, that constituted a kind of subordinate nobility. The Natchez are represented by different authors, as just, generous, humane, and ready to extend relief to objects of distress. They were acquainted with the virtues of many medicinal plants, and the French represent the cures performed by them as almost incredible. Charlevoix, who spent some days with this tribe in December, 1721, gives various details of their manners, customs and religion, in which he is sustained by other respectable authorities. He also states that on the death of a chief, or Sun, his nurse, and frequently his body guards, to the number of one hundred or more, were put to death, that he might be followed to the "spirit-land" with a retinue equal to his rank on earth. Besides the sun and fire, they worshiped little wooden gods in shape of monkies and rattlesnakes, placed on the altar. The Jesuits had a mission established in their village, but we find no evidence of much success in the conversion of the Natchez, as amongst more superstitious tribes.



ADAM POE AND BIG FOOT

A TALE OF WESTERN CHIVALRY.

THE engraving for this article represents one of those scenes which were formerly so frequent in spots which are now densely populated, one of those brave actions in which the hardy pioneers of the west, those gallant fellows who fought their way inch by inch against the native redmen of the forest, were so frequently engaged.

The memories of these actions are fast passing away. Would that they might be perpetually recorded. That Americans might always have before them a record of the perils and sufferings of their fathers. The following account of the desperate struggle of Adam Poe is from M'Clung's interesting sketches :—*

"About the middle of July, 1782, seven Wyandotts crossed the Ohio a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredations upon the southern shore, killing an old man whom they found alone in his cabin, and spreading terror throughout the neighbourhood. Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from different parts of the small settlement and pursued the enemy with great expedition. Among the most active and efficient of the party were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength, action and hardihood, he had no equal—being finely formed and inured to all the perils of the woods.

"They had not followed the trail far, before they became satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big Foot, a renowned chief of the Wyandott tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet. His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as Herculean. He had also five brothers, but little inferior to himself in size and courage, and as they generally went in company, they were the terror of the whole country. Adam Poe was overjoyed at the idea of measuring his strength with that of so celebrated a chief, and urged the pursuit with a keenness which quickly brought him into the vicinity of the enemy. For the last few miles, the trail had led them up the southern bank of the Ohio, where the footprints in the sand were deep and obvious, but when within a few hundred yards of the point at which the whites as well as the Indians were in the habit of crossing, it suddenly diverged from the stream, and stretched along a rocky ridge, forming an obtuse angle with its former direction. Here Adam halted for a moment, and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which led through clusters of willows directly to the point where he supposed the enemy to lie. Having examined the priming of his gun, he crept cautiously through the bushes, until he had a view of the point of embarkation. Here lay two canoes, empty and apparently deserted. Being satisfied, however, that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing of his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff, which hung immediately over the canoes. Hearing a low murmur below, he peered cautiously over, and beheld the object of his search. The gigantick Big Foot, lay

below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a low deep tone to another warrior, who seemed a mere pigmy by his side. Adam cautiously drew back, and cocked his gun. The mark was fair—the distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his aim was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly and cautiously, he took a steady aim at Big Foot's breast, and drew the trigger. His gun flashed. Both Indians sprung to their feet with a deep interjection of surprise, and for a single second all three stared upon each other. This inactivity, however, was soon over. Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon a cast of the die, he sprung over the bush which had sheltered him, and summoning all his powers, leaped boldly down the precipice and alighted upon the breast of Big Foot with a shock which bore him to the earth. At the moment of contact, Adam had also thrown his right arm around the neck of the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the earth together.

"At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, announcing that the other parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to any thing but themselves. Big Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great, that he had no leisure to use his knife. Big Foot quickly recovered, and without attempting to rise, wrapped his long arms around Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a Boa Constrictor! Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal, but never had he yet felt an embrace like that of Big Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the small Indian, who sprung to his feet. Big Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man, while he held him in his arms. Adam, seeing his danger, struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain. The lesser Indian approached with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched him closely, and as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent, as to knock the tomahawk from his hand, and send him staggering back into the water. Big Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but supposed to be a direction for a second attack. The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would fall. This lasted for several seconds, until a thundering exclamation from Big Foot, compelled his companion to strike. Such was Adam's dexterity and vigilance, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle (for the Indian could not venture to shoot for fear of hurting his companion) he shot the lesser Indian through the body. But scarcely had he done so when Big Foot arose, and placing one hand upon his collar and the other upon his hip, pitched him ten

* Sketches of western adventure, containing an account of the most interesting incidents connected with the settlement of the west, from 1755 to 1794; together with an appendix, by John A. M'Clung

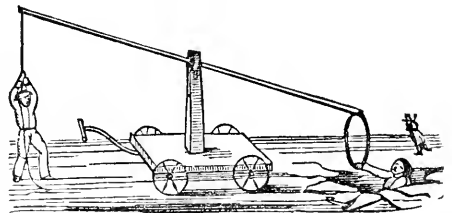
feet into the air, as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back at the edge of the water, but before his antagonist could spring upon him, he was again upon his feet, and stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for inferiority of strength. It was now a fair fist fight between them, for in the hurry of the struggle neither had leisure to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist, gave him great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself rapidly dropping to leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the first shock in his stomach, was unable to exert the same powers which had given him such a decided superiority at first; and Adam, seizing him by the scalp lock, put his head under water, and held it there, until the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe that he was drowned, when he relaxed his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian, however, to use Adam's own expression, "had only been possumming!" He instantly regained his feet, and in his turn put his adversary under.

"In the struggle, both were carried out into the current, beyond their depth and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it, but the Indian proved the most expert swimmer, and Adam seeing that he should be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive and thus frustrate his enemy's intention. At this instant, Andrew, having heard that his brother was alone in a struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran up hastily to the edge of the bank above, in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely, and seeing Adam in the river, covered with blood, and swimming rapidly from shore, mistook him for an Indian and fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to "shoot the big Indian upon the shore." Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately, Big Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the lesser Indian, so that both were upon an equality. The contest now was who should load first. Big Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry threw it into the river, and while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained an advantage. Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder, when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands and he fell forward upon his face upon the very margin of the river. Andrew, now alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun and rushed into the river in order to bring him ashore—but Adam, more intent upon securing the scalp of Big Foot as a trophy, than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother to leave him alone and scalp the big Indian, who was now endeavouring to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire, peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalp

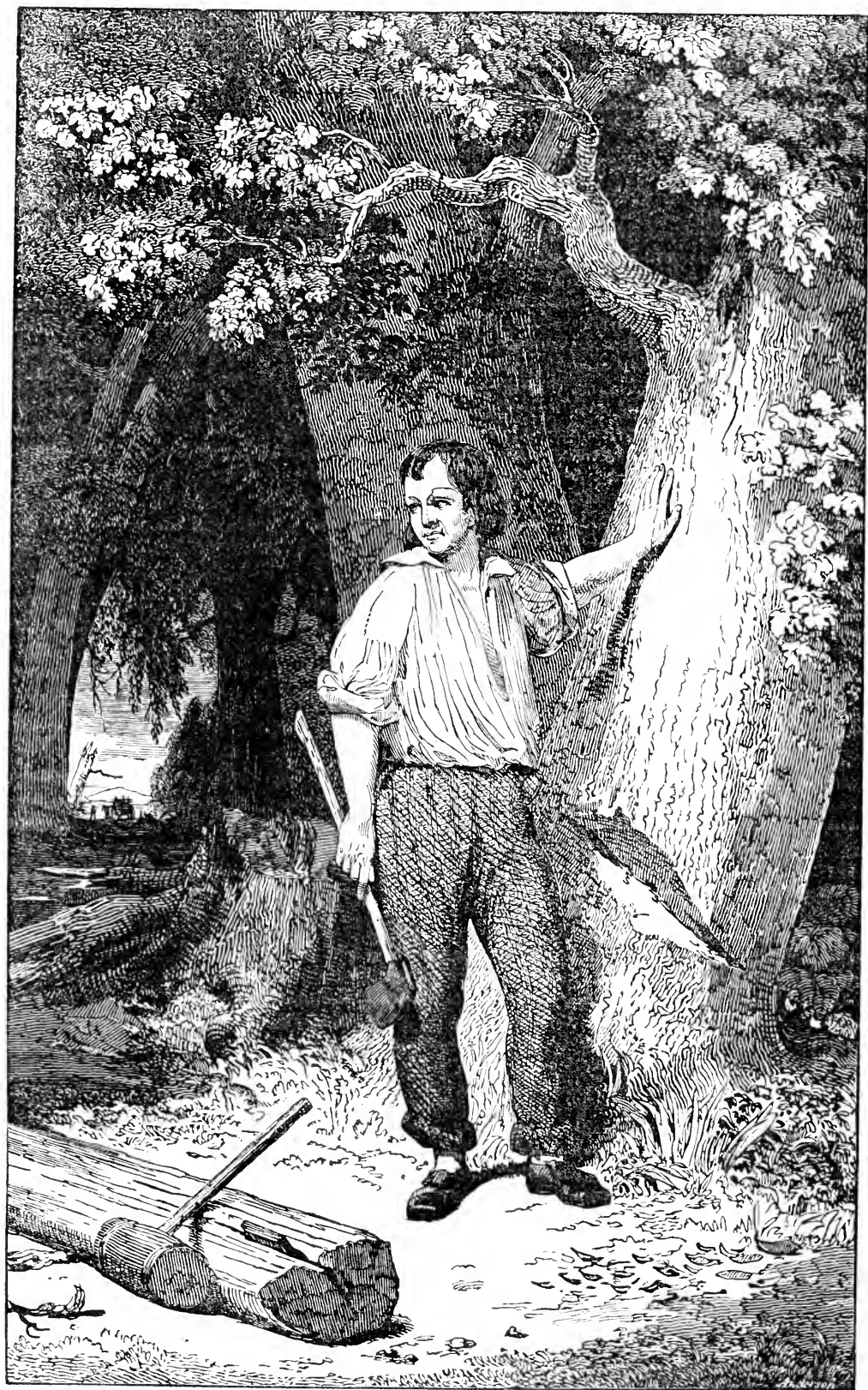
from the enemy. Andrew, however, refused to obey, and insisted upon saving the living, before attending to the dead. Big Foot, in the meantime had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves, without being stripped of the ornament and pride of an Indian warrior.

"Not a man of the Indians had escaped. Five of Big Foot's brothers, the flower of the Wyandott nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished. It is said that the news of this calamity, threw the whole tribe into mourning. Their remarkable size, their courage, and their superiour intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition, had saved many prisoners from the stake, and had given a milder character to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country. A chief of the same name was alive in that part of the country so late as 1792, but whether a brother or a son of Big Foot, is not known. Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after his memorable conflict; but never forgot the tremendous "hug" which he sustained in the arms of Big Foot."

LIFE PRESERVER.



THE above cut represents a simple, cheap, yet efficacious Life Preserver for ice. Fatal accidents very often occur from the fracture of this brittle material; for it is very frequently the case that assistance cannot be rendered without imminent danger to the second person, even when the victim is within a few feet of the spectators. This cheap machine is simply a lever, supported by a moveable frame or carriage, so portable as to be easily conveyed from one point to another. At one end of the lever, is attached a large strong hoop, and at the other, a rope. The fulcrum is in such a relative position to each end of the lever, as to require but little force to be applied to the rope, to raise the weight of a man at the opposite extremity. This apparatus has two advantages; the entire safety of those on shore, and the certain relief of the unfortunate if he has strength to hold on to the hoop, without danger of personal injury; for it raises him perpendicularly from the water, and avoids the danger of being cut or bruised by the fractured ice. Such machines should be kept where there is frequent crossing of rivers, at villages, on the ice in the winter season, or near mill-ponds, where the sport of skating is much practised.



THE PIONEER.

DID we wish to impersonate our young and growing republic by some graphic symbol by which its first and onward progress might be indicated, we could not choose one more appropriate than that furnished by the artist in our engraving. There stands the young and vigorous pioneer, buoyant with hope and high expectations of the future, stripped for the mighty contest between human strength and the giant forest-sons of nature. With his axe in hand he stands alone in the midst of the vast wilderness, far from the hallowed associations of youth and the charities of home and of neighborhood, prepared to prostrate the umbrageous forest and admit the life-giving sunbeams to the exuberant bosom of mother earth. When first he left the teeming shores of the Atlantic, bearing upon his head a parent's blessing and within his heart the glow of pure patriotism, he saw not the dangers and difficulties he had to encounter. But when they arose threatening around him—when the flood disputed his progress—the towering mountain loomed up like a giant before him, and the red-man of the forest watched his every movement with a jealous eye—then the moral courage of his nature expanded and strengthened, and his soul was elevated with the thoughts of that mighty conquest he was about to achieve. His axe was his trusty claymore, his young wife—his country's honor—universal freedom—these composed his oriflamme to encourage him in the heat of battle; and his cause was the cause of religion, humanity, truth, equity and freedom. With such a weapon, such a rallying standard, such a noble incitement, did the hardy pioneer wrestle with the gnarled oak and towering beech till they were overcome, and luxuriant grainfields like a green oasis in the midst of the desert, gladdened his heart with the smiles of abundant prosperity. Where he had recently fought his victorious battle, a village uprose, a monumental trophy of his prowess; and from eastern lands—lands where his ancestors dwell—the commercial marts upon the borders of the sea—he hears the echo of his song of triumph, and beholds a mighty tide of physical and intellectual strength flowing on in his track, to populate, beautify and enrich the domain he has conquered, and to rear and foster there other pioneers to push farther onward toward the sands of the great Pacific.

Such has been the onward progress of our country. But little more than two hundred years have elapsed since the first permanent colony from Great Britain landed upon the snow-clad rock of Plymouth, to co-operate with others who had erected a few altars along the more southern regions of the Atlantic shore. Like the young pioneer, they came from home with the blessings

of millions of their countrymen upon their heads, the fire of patriotism and religious zeal warming their hearts, while upon their foreheads they wore a broad phylactery on which was inscribed from the sacred scriptures of freedom—

“WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS, THERE IS MY COUNTRY.”

The forest—the flood—the savage—all disputed their progress; but stont hands and stouter hearts—the encouraging voice of contemporaries and the beckoning hand of posterity—the righteousness of their cause and the bright reward that glittered upon the distant goal, all combined to make them look upon danger as unworthy of notice, and to inspire them with that courage which makes mountains dwindle into mole-hills when intercepting the progress of a mighty movement. As circle follows circle when a pebble is cast into the quiet lake, so did civilization extend its conquering influence from this little nucleus, until cities, and villages, and fields of grain spread out like a beauteous panorama, to the very base of the towering Alleghanies. But there was one thing yet to be accomplished. The young pioneer felt his strength, and the new world he had developed presented a far better scope for his energies than the beaten track pursued by his ancestors. He felt that parental authority was a ruinous restraint, and compliance therewith to be incompatible with the necessary efforts for the accomplishment of his glorious designs; and he resolved to break the fetter. For a time he laid aside the axe and the plough and battled manfully for freedom. The contest was long and painful, but the star of his destiny lighted his path, the principles of right were the “cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night,” and after seven long years of painful struggle, the eagle of victory perched upon his standard, and the British lion retreated, maimed and affrighted, to his lair.

Thus freed, our young republic opened wide its benevolent arms as an asylum for the oppressed of all lands. It had changed the wilderness into a rich and inviting territory, and a vast flood of emigration poured its tributary waters into its bosom till the Alleghanies no longer formed an obstructing dyke. Over their rough battlements this flood found its way, and through the vast and fertile valley of the Ohio irrigating streams of physical strength, intelligence and wealth flowed, spreading freshness and beauty wherever they penetrated. Year after year, new pioneers opened paths farther and farther into the wilderness, and formed new channels for the tide of emigration and population, till now the Mississippi—the father of floods—flows for hundreds of miles amid the fields and dwellings of a busy people. Now, when we speak of our country,—our domain—the term is vague and inconclusive. From the lagoons of Florida to the farthest verge of the

great lakes—from Eastport to Astoria, our domain is extended, and our "little piece of striped bunting" is acknowledged and revered.

The time has been, and that but recently when the "far west" was a definite point of boundary. But now, where is it? St. Louis, but a few years since a town upon our western frontier has now become almost the centre of our union. Where, until recently, the wolf made his lair—a point more than a thousand miles from the sea—wharves are covered with the silks of India, the cutlery of Britain, and the fruits of the islands of Oceanica.

Follow the Missouri up even to the Yellow Stone, and the voices of friends and kindred greet you on every side. Nay, stand upon the crest of the Rocky mountains and view upon one side the spurs of the Alleghanies, upon the other, the waters of the Pacific, and around you the vast expanse of mountain, prairie, river, city, village, and you are but looking upon "our country"—the mighty result of the pioneer's energy.

Such the past, such the present, but what is enshrouded in the dark veil of the future! We now present a family of freemen more than sixteen millions in number, bound to protect the teraphim of our fathers—TRUTH, LIBERTY and JUSTICE. To our care is entrusted the ark of that covenant which our fathers made with mankind when they framed the Declaration of Independence and enveloped it within the sacred folds of the Constitution. They placed it within the holy of holies of the tabernacle of American Liberty, and we are bound by a pledge that must not be broken, to transmit it to those who succeed us in our righteous warfare with principles inimical to human liberty. Ours is a country

"Where the men of a nation stand out on the sod,
And tread where their fathers triumphantly trod;—

and we should feel it a sacred duty to guard well our altars from the pollution of sacrifices made by unholy ambition to party idols. We should foster education as one of the strongest bulwarks of our liberty, and use every effort to imbue our literature with a proper national feeling, such as arises from the habitual exercise of the pure principles of democracy; not that democracy about which political parties prate, but that spirit recognised by the Declaration of Independence. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Let us, therefore, consider ourselves, each a sentinel upon the watch-towers of freedom, and when asked, "Watchman, what of the night?" be able immediately to respond, "All is well!"

SONG OF THE PRAIRIE.

OH! fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me,
As green, and as wide, and as wild as the sea!
Its bosom of velvet the summer winds ride,
And rank grass is waving in billowy pride.

The city's a prison too narrow for thee;
Then away to the prairies so boundless and free!
Where the sight is not checked till the prairie and skies,
In harmony blending, commingle their dies.

The fawns in the meadow-fields fearlessly play;
Away to the chase, lovely maiden away!
Bound, bound to thy courser, the bison is near!
And list to the tramp of the light-footed deer.

Let England exult in her dogs and her chase:
Oh! what's a king's park to this limitless space?
No fences to leap, and no thickets to turn—
No owners to injure—no furrows to spurn.

But softly as thine on the carpeted hall,
Is heard the light foot of the coursers to fall;
And close-matted grass no impression receives,
As ironless hoofs bound aloft from the leaves.

Oh fly to the prairie!—the eagle is there;
He gracefully wheels in the cloud-specked air:
And timidly hiding her delicate young,
The prairie-hen hushes her beautiful song.

Oh, fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me!
The vine and the prairie-rose blossom for thee;
And hailing the moon in the prairie-propp'd sky,
The mocking-bird echoes the katy-did's cry.

Let Mexicans boast of their herds and their steeds
The free prairie-hunter no shepherd-boy needs;
The bison, like clouds, overshadow the place,
And the wild spotted coursers invite to the chase.

The citizen picks at his turtle and fowls,
And stomachless over his fricassee growls:
We track the wild turkey; the rifle supplies
The food for the board, and the stomach to prize.

The farmer may boast of his grass and his grain:
He sows them in labor, and reaps them in pain;
But here the deep soil no exertion requires—
Enriched by the ashes, and cleared by the fires.

Then fly to the prairie in wonder, and gaze,
As sweeps o'er the grass the magnificent blaze;
The world cannot boast more romantic a sight—
A continent flaming and oceans of light!

The woodman delights in his trees and his shade:
But see! there's no sun on the cheek of his maid;
His flowers are faded, his blossoms are pale,
And mildew is riding his vapory gale.

Then fly to the prairie!—no bush to obscure,
No marsh to exhale and no ague to cure.
Translucent and fresh comes the grass-scented breeze,
Unchilled by the mountain—unbroken by trees.

Sublime from the north he descends in his wrath,
And scatters the reeds in his snow-covered path;
Or, loaded with incense, steals in from the west,
As bees from the prairie-rose fly to their nest.

Oh, fly to the prairie! for freedom is there—
Love lights not that home with the torch of despair;
No wretch to entreat, and no lord to deny—
No gossip to slander—no neighbor to pry.

But struggling not there the heart's impulse to hide,
Love leaps like the fount from the crystal-rock side,
And strong as its adamant, pure as its spring,
Waves wildly in sunbeams his rose-colored wing.



THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

My mother's grave! 'Tis there beneath the trees.
I love to go alone and sit, and think,
Upon that grassy mound. My cradle hours
Come back again so sweetly, when I woke,
And lifted up my head, to kiss the cheek
That bowed to meet me.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

AY, there is, indeed, a mournful pleasure in turning aside from the ceaseless bustle of busy life—to leave behind its wearying toils and distracting cares, and steal noiselessly into the city of the dead, and hold sweet converse with departed friends who now inhabit its lonely dwellings. Even to the stranger from a distant land, who carelessly deciphers the time-worn memorials which mark the name of the indwellers, there is something soothing and refreshing in meditations which arise while passing among the habitations of the graveyard, and seeing evidences all around him, not only that infancy, youth, manhood, and old age, have alike contributed to swell the population of this quiet spot, but that the affections of the living for the dead are yet linked to departed ones by the outward service of the sculptor's chisel, as well as the deep graven impressions upon the heart. He feels as if he was standing upon the boundary which divides the past and the present generation, and is holding silent yet instructive communion with the sympathies of the living and the dead; and this feeling lulls the storm of passion into repose, subdues the ardor of ambition, and clothes the tractile spirit with the garment of humility.

But when the parent approaches the grave of a darling child, or a child bends over the green sward beneath which a parent sleeps—when living friends stand around the tenements of friends departed—then it is that the fountains of deep feeling are unsealed, and the warmest sympathies of our nature are brought into action. The cold stoic who may pass along the world's highway, unmoved by the miseries of his fellow-travellers and untouched by the pathetic appeals of suffering brethren, cannot withstand the melting influence imparted at the sight of the grave of a dear relative or friend, and he involuntarily pays to past affection the purest tribute of a generous heart—a tear.

There is no temple more holy, wherein we may worship with purer devotion, than the churchyard; nor is there an altar more sacred than the sepulchral mound whereat the heart may pour out its holiest aspirations, or whereon affection may deposite its precious offering, albeit but an evanescent flower of the field. Around such an altar, within such a temple, memory delights to linger and dwell, and to paint in all the glowing colors of the halcyon of life the delightful images of the past, when the sleeping one was at our side, shared in our joys and sorrows, and minis-

tered bounteously to our comfort and happiness.

Deeper still are the feelings of the child when summoned by circumstances to leave the vicinity of a mother's grave, forego the soothing pleasure of a pilgrimage thither, and depart for a strange land. It is a hard thing to say farewell to living friends, those with whom we may still interchange words of affection even when separated by mountains and seas; but, when called upon to leave a mother's grave behind, to permit the flowers we have planted upon it to wither and die, to break off our holy communings with the hallowed dead, and leave the path to her tomb to be trodden only by strangers or overgrown with brambles, then it is that we are forced to sever a link in the chain of pure affection, that nothing temporal can supply. And such is the link broken by thousands of the emigrants who swell the mighty stream of population which is constantly flowing westward from the shores of the Atlantic, and irrigating in every direction the vast wilderness of the occident. The brief story of one is the story of thousands; and we give it with the unaffected simplicity of truthful narrative, as it was told us.

During the prevalence of the yellow fever in New York, in 1790, a distinguished merchant, alarmed for the safety of himself and family, closed his store and retired with his whole household to his paternal estate, on the bank of the Hudson, then in possession of his only surviving parent, an aged mother. His family consisted of a wife, three daughters, and a son; the latter a youth of only fourteen summers. But they had hardly reached their rural retreat, joyous with the thoughts that they were safely beyond the reach of the pestilence, before the painful evidence of the presence of the contagion was visible in the wife. The miasma of the "infected district," had impregnated her life-blood ere she left the city, and, in less than a week after she reached the abode of apparent health and safety, she was borne to the family churchyard. Next, a daughter who had watched incessantly at the bedside of her dying mother, followed her; then the son, and at last another daughter—all, all were cut down like blooming flowers of the field, and disappeared for ever. One child alone remained to the grief-stricken father—a blooming girl of seventeen; and upon her were all his warmest affections centred. Broken in spirit by the terrible blows he had suffered, and entirely unnerved for the arduous duties of commercial life, the merchant closed his business in the city, and resolved to pass the remainder of his days in the quiet seclusion of his paternal home, where all that was dear to him were now enshrined.

Time passed on—the aged mother retired to her final resting-place, and the daughter became

to the father—the lonely, heart-broken father—the only staff upon which he could lean for support in his affliction. With the true philosophy of woman's love and woman's courage, she seemed to gain new strength with every shock; and that sorrow which bore down the spirits of her father, was a prompter to her exertions to buoy him up. But all her efforts were vain; for the canker-worm of grief destroyed his health, and gave warning that ere long he must join his silent household in the sleep of death.

Although in the presence of her father, the daughter seldom permitted her tears to flow, yet not a day passed in summer that she did not strew fresh flowers upon the graves of her dear lost ones, nor in winter that her scalding tears did not mingle with the snow that covered them. The spot where her mother, and sisters, and brother, were buried, became so hallowed in her mind, that she often fancied that she heard their sweet voices floating upon the evening breeze in summer, and their sighs trembling upon the keen winds of winter. She knew that ere long her only parent must likewise be a dweller there; and the thought that circumstances might separate her from that holy place, caused anguish most severe.

The father died! and then the feeling of utter loneliness came over the poor girl with its greatest power. Though the comforts of a maternal uncle's home were hers—though she became the affianced bride of a wealthy young farmer to whom she had yielded her heart and all the affections it possessed, and to whom she had been given as a precious jewel, by her dying father—yet a cloud of deep melancholy cast a shade over her path, and memory chained her affections to the spot where the dearest treasures of earth, to her, were deposited.

Years sped on in their rapid flight—three children, beautiful buds of promise, blessed their union, and awakened new emotions in her bosom, which gradually weaned her thoughts from the sorrowful retrospect of the past. But adverse gales of fortune nearly wrecked the pecuniary prospects of her husband, and he resolved to join the tide of emigration flowing rapidly into Michigan, the then *El Dorado* of the "far west." Willing to be guided by circumstances, even though they dealt harshly with her feelings, the affectionate wife gave her willing assent to bid kind friends farewell and seek a new home in the western wilderness. But one thought—the thought of leaving the graves of her beloved ones behind—gave her the greatest sorrow; and when the trying hour of departure came, and friends gathered round to bid them adieu and invoke blessings upon them and their enterprise, she exchanged those greetings without much emotion; but when for the last time she strewed

the early spring flowers upon the tombs of her parents and sisters, and laved the upspringing herbage upon their graves, with her warm tears, then it was that a fearful struggle, between duty and affection for the dead, took place. She yielded, however, and with a sorrowful heart pressed her babes to her bosom and followed her kind husband to the wild regions of the far west.

A few years passed on—the almost desert where the log-hut of our emigrant was reared began to "blossom like the rose," and the comforts of home and of neighborhood clustered around them. The strong feeling of filial affection which embittered the first few months of her residence in the forest, gradually weakened, and she became calm and happy in the pleasing duties of educating her children, and soothing her husband in his toils. Disease, however, invaded the emigrant's dwelling, and her children were left motherless. Her fond husband deposited her precious remains beneath the umbrageous branches of a magnolia, and her children in their turn planted wild flowers upon their mother's grave.

"The lonely man still ploughed the soil,
Though she, who long had soothed his toil,
No more partook his care;
But in her place a daughter rose,
As from some broken stem there grows
A blossom fresh and fair."

Thoroughly imbued with all the virtue and piety of her mother, this daughter, then just expanding into womanhood, became the excellent instructress of the younger children and a soother of the cares and sorrows of her father. Strong and robust, she endured the labors and many privations of a wilderness-home with cheerfulness; and, when the duties of the day were over, it was her delight to have all drawn around the fireside and listen to her reading and expounding of the Writings of Truth. And when the summer twilights came on, she might frequently be seen amid her little brothers and sisters, sitting upon her mother's grave, impressing upon their young hearts the beauty of her example, and drying their tears of sorrow by pointing to some brilliant star as it came forth, as the imaginary land of rest where the spirit of their mother was happy, and looked down upon them with all a parent's solicitude. Frequently she might be seen with basket on her arm, carrying necessities to some unfortunate family in the wilderness, far away from her own home; and then hieing to the spot where her father's axe was heard, to tell him of the blessings she had received while bestowing her gifts. The emigrant's daughter was indeed a lovely flower, and many were the sturdy young foresters who sought, but in vain, to pluck her from her parent-stem. She

was there too closely allied to be easily induced to leave her father's roof, while his comfort demanded her service and her little brothers and sisters required her maternal care.

Again disease came to their dwelling, and the father was laid beside his wife. His eldest son took his place at the plough, while the daughter acted as a guardian spirit to all. The sequel may be told in a few words. She married a backwoodsman, a man of stern integrity, strong mind and exemplary honesty; and the talented Dr. T———, a late distinguished, though very young member of the popular branch of the Indiana legislature, was ever proud of the privilege of calling her mother.

(From the West. Lit. Journal.)

THE LAST OF THE INDIAN FIGHTERS.

DIED, at his residence in Logan county, on the 29th April last, General SIMON KENTON, aged eighty-one years, less seventeen days. The deceased is believed to have been the last survivor, of that hardy and intrepid band of pioneers, composed of Boon, Kenton, Logan, and Crawford, who took so active a part in the first exploration of the western country, during the closing quarter of the last century.

Simon Kenton was a Virginian by birth, and emigrated to the wilds of the West in the year 1771. He was born, according to a manuscript which he dedicated to a gentleman of Kentucky, several years since, in Fauquier county, on the 15th of May, 1755, of poor parents. His early life was passed principally upon a farm. At the age of sixteen, having a quarrel with a rival in a love-affair, he left his antagonist upon the ground for dead, and made quick steps for the wilderness. In the course of a few days, wandering to and fro, he arrived at a small settlement on Cheat creek, one of the forks of the Monongahela, where he called himself Butler. Here, according to Mr. McClung, whose interesting account of Kenton, in the "Sketches of Western Adventure," we are following, he attached himself to a small company headed by John Mahon and Jacob Greathouse, which was about starting farther west on an exploring expedition. He was soon induced, however, by a young adventurer of the name of Yager, who had been taken by the western Indians when a child, and spent many years among them, to detach himself from the company, and go with him to a land which the Indians called Kantue-kee, and which he represented as being a perfect elysium. Accompanied by another young man, named Strader, they set off for the backwoods paradise in high spirits: Kenton not doubting that he should find a country flowing with milk and honey, where he would have little to do but to eat, drink, and be merry. Such, however, was not his luck. They continued wandering through the wilderness for some weeks, without finding the "promised land," and then retraced their steps, and successively explored the land about Salt-Lick, Little and Big Sandy, and Guyandotte. At length, being totally wearied out, they turned their attention entirely

to hunting and trapping, and thus spent nearly two years.—Being discovered by the Indians, and losing one of his companions, (Strader,) Kenton was compelled to abandon his trapping-waters, and hunting-grounds. After divers hardships, he succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Little Kenhawa, with his remaining companion, where he found and attached himself to another exploring party. This, however, was attacked by the Indians, soon after commencing the descent of the Ohio, compelled to abandon its canoes, and strike diagonally through the woods for Green-briar county. Its members suffered much in accomplishing this journey, from fatigue, sickness, and famine; and on reaching the settlements, separated.

Kenton's rival of the love-affair had long since recovered from the castigation which he had given him. But of this, the young hero had not heard. He therefore did not think proper to venture home; but, instead, built a canoe on the Monongahela, and once more sought the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, where he hunted till the spring of 1774. This year he descended the Ohio as far as the mouth of Big Bone creek, and was engaged in various explorations till 1778, when he joined Daniel Boon in his expedition against the Indian town on Paint creek.—Immediately upon his return from this, he was despatched by Col. Bowman, with two companions, to make observations upon the Indian towns on the Little Miami, against which the colonel meditated an expedition. He reached the towns in safety, and made the necessary surveys without being observed by the Indians; and the expedition might have terminated much to his credit, and been very useful to the settlers in Kentucky, had he not before leaving the towns stolen a number of the Indians' horses. The animals were missed early in the following morning, the trail of the marauders was discovered, and pursuit instantly commenced. Kenton and his companions soon heard cries in their rear, knew that they had been discovered, and saw the necessity of riding for their lives. They therefore dashed through the woods at a furious rate, with the hue and cry after them, until their course was suddenly interrupted by an impenetrable swamp. Here they from necessity paused for a few moments, and listened attentively. Hearing no sounds of pursuit, they resumed their course—and skirting the swamp for some distance, in the vain hope of crossing it, they dashed off in a straight line for the Ohio. They continued their furious speed for forty-eight hours, halting but once or twice for a few minutes to take some refreshment, and reached the Ohio in safety. The river was high and rough, and they found it impossible to urge the jaded horses over. Various efforts were made, but all failed. Kenton was never remarkable for prudence; and on this occasion, his better reason seems to have deserted him entirely. By abandoning the animals, he might yet have escaped, though several hours had been lost in endeavouring to get them over. But this he could not make up his mind to do. He therefore called a council, when it was determined, as they felt satisfied they must be some twelve hours in advance of their pursuers, that they should conceal their horses in a neighbouring ravine, and themselves take stations in an adjoining wood, in the hope that by sunset, the high wind would abate, and the state of the river

be such as to permit their crossing with the booty. At the hour waited for, however, the wind was higher and the water rougher than ever. Still, as if completely infatuated, they remained in their dangerous position through the night. The next morning was mild, the Indians had not yet been heard in pursuit, and Kenton again attempted to urge the horses over. But, recollecting the difficulties of the preceding day, the affrighted animals could not now be induced to enter the water at all. Each of the three men therefore mounted a horse, abandoning the rest, (they had stolen quite a drove,) and started down the river with the intention of keeping the Ohio and Indiana side till they should arrive opposite Louisville. But they were slow in making even this movement; and they had not ridden over a hundred yards when they heard a loud halloo, proceeding apparently from the spot which they had just left. They were soon surrounded by the pursuers. One of Kenton's companions effected his escape, the other was killed. Kenton was made prisoner—"falling a victim," says Mr. McClung, "to his excessive love of horse-flesh."

After the Indians had scalped his dead companion, and kicked and cuffed Kenton to their hearts' content, they compelled him to lie down upon his back, and stretch out his arms to their full length. They then passed a stout stick at right angles across his breast, to each extremity of which, his wrists were fastened by thongs of buffalo-hide. Stakes were next driven into the earth near his feet, to which they were fastened in like manner. A halter was then tied round his neck, and fastened to a sapling which grew near. And finally, a strong rope was passed under his body, and wound several times round his arms and at the elbows—thus lashing them to the stick which lay across his breast, and to which his wrists were fastened, in a manner peculiarly painful. He could move neither feet, arms, nor head; and was kept in this position till the next morning. The Indians then wishing to commence their return-journey, unpinioned Kenton, and lashed him by the feet, to a wild, unbroken colt, (one of the animals he had stolen from them,) with his hands tied behind him.

In this manner he was driven into a captivity as cruel, singular, and remarkable in other respects, as any in the whole history of Indian warfare upon this continent. "A fatalist," says the author of the *Sketches of Western Adventure*, "would recognise the hand of destiny in every stage of its progress. In the infatuation with which Kenton refused to adopt proper measures for his safety, while such were practicable; in the persevering obstinacy with which he remained on the Ohio shore until flight became useless; and afterward, in that remarkable succession of accidents, by which, without the least exertion on his part, he was so often at one hour tantalized with a prospect of safety, and the next plunged into the deepest despair. He was eight times exposed to the gauntlet—three times tied to the stake—and as often thought himself upon the eve of a terrible death. All the sentences passed upon him, whether of mercy or condemnation, seem to have been pronounced in one council only to be reversed in another. Every friend that Providence raised up in his favour, was immediately followed by some enemy, who unexpectedly interposed, and

turned his short glimpse of sunshine into deeper darkness than ever. For three weeks he was constantly see-sawing between life and death; and during the whole time, *he* was perfectly passive. No wisdom, or foresight, or exertion, could have saved him. Fortune fought his battle from first to last, and seemed determined to permit nothing else to interfere."

He was eventually liberated from the Indians, when about to be bound to the stake for the fourth time, and burnt, by an Indian agent of the name of Drewyer, who was anxious to obtain intelligence for the British commander at Detroit, of the strength and condition of the settlements in Kentucky. He got nothing important out of Kenton; but the three weeks Football of Fortune was sent to Detroit, from which place he effected his escape in about eight months, and returned to Kentucky. Fearless and active, he soon embarked in new enterprises; and was with George Rogers Clarke, in his celebrated expedition against Vincennes and Kaskaskia—with Edwards, in his abortive expedition to the Indian towns in 1785—and with Wayne, in his decisive campaign of 1794.

Simon Kenton, throughout the struggles of the pioneers, had the reputation of being a valuable scout, a hardy woodsman, and a brave Indian-fighter; but in reviewing his eventful career, he appears greatly to have lacked discretion, and to have evinced frequently a want of energy. In his afterlife, he was much respected; and he continued to the last, fond of regaling listeners with stories of the early times. A friend of ours, who about three years ago made a visit to the abode of the venerable patriarch, describes in the following terms, his appearance at that time: "Kenton's form, even under the weight of seventy-nine years, is striking, and must have been a model of manly strength and agility. His eye is blue, mild, and yet penetrating in its glance. The forehead projects very much at the eyebrows—which are well-defined—and then recedes, and is neither very high nor very broad. His hair, which in active life was light, is now quite gray; his nose is straight; and his mouth before he lost his teeth must have been expressive and handsome. I observed that he had yet one tooth—which, in connexion with his character and manner of conversation, was continually reminding me of Leatherstocking. The whole face is remarkably expressive, not of turbulence or excitement, but rather of rumination and self-possession. Simplicity, frankness, honesty, and a strict regard to truth, appeared to be the prominent traits of his character. In giving an answer to a question which my friend asked him, I was particularly struck with his truthfulness and simplicity. The question was, whether the account of his life, given in the *Sketches of Western Adventure*, was true or not. 'Well, I'll tell you,' said he: 'not true. The book says, that when Blackfish the Injin warrior asked me, when they had taken me prisoner, if Colonel Boon sent me to steal their horses, I said 'no, sir!'' Here he looked indignant, and rose from his chair. 'I tell you I never said 'sir!' to an Injin in my life; I scarcely ever say it to a white man.' Here Mrs. Kenton, who was engaged in some domestick occupation at the table, turned round and remarked, that when they were last in Kentucky, some one gave her the book to read to

her husband; and that when she came to that part, he would not let her read any farther. 'And I tell you,' continued he, 'I was never tied to a stake in my life to be burned. They had me painted black when I saw Girty, but not tied to a stake.'

We are inclined to think, notwithstanding this, that the statement in the "Sketches," of his being three times tied to the stake, is correct; for the author of that interesting work had before him a manuscript account of the pioneer's life, which had been dictated by Mr. Kenton, to a gentleman of Kentucky, a number of years before, when he had no motive to exaggerate, and his memory was comparatively unimpaired.—But he is now beyond the reach of earthly toil, or trouble, or suffering. His old age was as exemplary, as his youth and manhood had been active and useful. And though his last years were clouded by poverty, and his eyes closed in a miserable cabin to the light of life, yet shall he occupy a bright page in our border history, and his name soon open to the light of fame.

Old Rifle.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

AN old gentleman, one of the few survivors of Lee's celebrated partisan legion, gave me the following account of a charge made by a detachment of that gallant corps, which he pronounced the most effective it ever made:—

We were lying near Fort Granby, (said he,) watching the movements of the British army, and seeking daily for opportunities to cut off its supplies, or any detached parties that might be pushed out. Early one morning, Captain Armstrong, the most dashing, headlong and gallant fellow of our corps, was detached with twelve men, on a reconnoitring expedition, and during the afternoon of the same day, Captain Eggleston was sent out with a party of eighteen on the like errand in a different direction. Towards evening, the parties met, and having formed a junction, retired into a piece of woods which skirted the road, and which, though prostrated, apparently by a tornado, yet afforded sufficient cover to hide us from casual observation, when dismounted: while at the same time, it enabled us to see every thing passing on the road. We threw ourselves on the ground, under the broad canopy of heaven, as was our usual custom, not being possessed of tents, and slept soundly, having at first fastened the bridles of our horses to our hands. At break of day, having roused ourselves from sleep, while some were idly lounging about, and others standing chatting, in groups, a woman wrapped in a red cloak, and mounted on horseback, passed by. Some of the men, for want of better employment, kept following her with their eyes as she rode along. Presently she turned into a

path which led to the British camp. It was skirted by high fences on either side, terminating at the wood in which we were. As they continued watching her progress, their eyes fell suddenly upon a party of sixty British dragoons, who were approaching her from their camp, on a foraging expedition. They rode up to her, and during their conversation, her pointing frequently towards the spot where we were stationed, soon convinced us that she had discovered our position, and was imparting her knowledge to them. Well aware of what was likely to ensue, we all, without waiting for orders, mounted our horses, in silent expectation. "What shall we do?" said Eggleston, turning to Armstrong. "Charge them, boldly," replied the latter, and at the same time mounting his horse, called out, "twelve men follow me," and dashed down the road towards them at full speed, without stopping a moment to weigh the chances or hazard of an encounter, with a force so vastly superior. The enemy, seeing two bodies of cavalry issue from the road, drew up his line facing us, and sat firmly, pistol in hand, waiting our approach. As Armstrong rode up, they fired at his party, but so hurriedly that not a shot took effect, and before they had time to draw their sabres, he burst in upon them, "like a thunderclap," overturning whole ranks, and cutting them down in every direction.

Eggleston now joined, and the slaughter became terrible; for they thinking, in the first instance, that the fire of their pistols would either check or repulse us, had made no attempt to draw their swords, until we were hand to hand with them. Such attempts, when made, were in most cases rendered of no avail, by the ardour and gallantry of our men, who unhorsed them before the sabre had left its sheath, or dealt a blow in defence of its wearer. Resistance was soon changed to flight, and while pressing their flying ranks, in the chase, we were forced to cut down many who had ceased to resist, as a regard to our own safety, and their numerical strength, forbade their being left unharmed and capable of doing us injury, in the rear. Hemmed in on both sides by fences, and mounted on sorry horses, this last resource availed them so little that but one of the whole party escaped capture or death, and so hotly did we pursue him, that the outer line of sentinels was passed, and one of them captured, before we reined in. The detachment captured, formed a part of the army under the command of Lord Rawdon.

Gen. Lee has mentioned the circumstance in his Memoirs, but is incorrect in the minor details. He says Eggleston was detached with thirty dragoons, to join Armstrong, who had been previously sent out with a party, and that forty-five only of the enemy's dragoons were taken. The fact is, we numbered in all but thirty men, and captured or killed sixty of the enemy, including the sentinel. Capt. Eggleston was thanked in general orders; but the glory of the achievement belongs manifestly to Armstrong. The former was of a cautious disposition, and probably never would have hazarded his command in such an attack, unless compelled, as in the present instance, by the necessity of supporting his more daring companion.

Thus terminated one of the bravest actions which the history of the Revolution can present, and one which reflects credit on those honoured patriots who established the independence of the country.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

Of the Early American Settlements in Illinois, from 1780 to 1800. Read before the Illinois State Lyceum, at its anniversary, August 16, 1832. By J. M. PECK.

This period exhibited scenes of sufficient importance on these frontiers, to claim special notice in the early history of Illinois. The period to which I allude, is from 1780 to 1800. The scenes are laid principally in what is now called St. Clair and Monroe counties.

The military expedition of General George Rogers Clarke, in 1778, and the subjugation of the forts of St. Vincent, Kaskaskia, and Fort Chartres, was the occasion of making known the fertile plains of Illinois to the people of the Atlantic states, and exciting a spirit of emigration to the banks of the Mississippi. Some who accompanied him in that expedition, shortly after returned and took possession of the conquered country.

At the period of which I speak, with the exception of the old French villages of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Prairie du Rocher, Fort Chartres, Village a Cote, Prairie du Pont, and a few families scattered along the Wabash and Illinois rivers, the whole territory within the boundaries of Illinois, was the abode of the untamed savage.

This territory appears to have been claimed originally by the nation of Indians known to the early French explorers, by the name of ILLINI, a word said to signify, '*a full grown man.*' The ancient residence of this nation was about Green Bay, and they claimed the country west of lake Michigan, and even west of the Mississippi. Like other nations of Indians, they were divided into *tribes*. Each tribe managed its own internal affairs; but in more public matters, they met around one common council-fire. They dug up the tomahawk, to make war upon their neighbours, and smoked the calumet of peace in concert. The prairies of Illinois were the hunting grounds of this nation. Within the period of our contemplated history, the buffalo browsed upon the luxuriant range within our view; and till about 1797, they were tolerably numerous along the Kaskaskia and Illinois rivers.

The names of the tribes that unitedly formed the nation of the Illini, were the Miamies, Mascoutins, Michigamies, Cahokians, Peorias, Kaskaskias, and Tamarweas. Besides these fragments of what was once the great nation of the Illini, other tribes inhabited Illinois, at the period of our history. The Kickapoos were numerous and warlike, and had their principal towns on the Illinois, and the Vermilion of the Wabash. The Piankeshaws, whom some think were originally a branch of the Illini, were in the same region. The Delawares, Shawnees, and other bands, passed over the territory, or were occasional occupants of its hunting grounds. The Potawatomies were principally north and west of the Illinois river, and laid some species of claim to the country as far south as Edwardsville; and the Sacks, Foxes or Musquakies, and others, claimed the region farther north.

Tradition tells us of many a hard-fought battle between the original owners of the country and these intruders. *Battle-ground creek* is well known, on the road from Kaskaskia to Shawneetown, twenty-five miles from the former place, where the Kas-

kaskias and their allies were dreadfully slaughtered by the united forces of the Kickapoos and Potawatomies.

Of these Indians, the Kickapoos were the most formidable and most dangerous neighbours to the whites, and for a number of years kept the American settlements in continual alarm. At first, they appeared friendly; but from 1786 to 1796, a period of ten years, the settlements were in a continual state of alarm and distress from these and other Indians.

The first settlement formed of emigrants from the United States, was made near Bellefontaine, Monroe county, in 1781, by James Moore, whose numerous descendants now reside in the same settlement. Mr. Moore was a native of Maryland, but came to Illinois from Western Virginia, with his family, in company with James Garrison, Robert Kidd, Shadrach Bond, sen. and Larkin Rutherford. They passed through the wilderness to the Ohio river, where they took water, came down that river, and up the Mississippi to Kaskaskia. Mr. Moore, and a portion of his party, planted themselves on the hills near Bellefontaine, and Garrison Bond, and the rest, settled in the American bottom, near Harrisonville. This station became afterwards known by the name of the Block-house Fort.

Nothing deserving special notice occurred amongst this little band of pioneers, till 1785, when they were joined by Joseph Ogle, Joseph Worley, and James Andrews, with large families, from Virginia. In 1786, the settlements were strengthened by the arrival of James Lemen, George Atcherson, and David Waddle, with their families, and several others. The same year, the Kickapoo Indians commenced their course of predatory warfare. A single murder, that of James Flannery, had been committed in 1783, while on a hunting excursion, but it was not regarded as an act of war.

But in 1786, they attacked the settlement, killed James Andrews, his wife and daughter, James White and Samuel McClure, and took two girls, daughters of Andrews, prisoners. One of these died with the Indians, the other was ransomed by the French traders. She is now alive, the mother of a large family, and resides in St. Clair county. The Indians had previously threatened the settlement, and the people had built and entered a block-house; but this family was out and defenseless.

1787. Early in this year, five families near Bellefontaine, united and built a block-house, surrounded it with palisades, in which their families resided. While labouring in the corn-field, they were obliged to carry their rifles, and often at night had to keep guard. Under these embarrassments, and in daily alarm, they cultivated their corn-fields.

1788. This year the war assumed a more threatening aspect. Early in the spring, William Biggs was taken prisoner. While himself, John Vallis, and Joseph and Benjamin Ogle, were passing from the station on the hills to the Block-house Fort in the bottom, they were attacked by the Indians. Biggs and Vallis were a few rods in advance of the party. Vallis was killed, and Biggs taken prisoner. The others escaped unhurt. Biggs was taken through the prairies to the Kickapoo towns on the Wabash, from whence he was finally liberated, by means of the French traders. The Indians treated him well, offered him the daughter of a brave for a wife, and

proposed to adopt him into their tribe. He afterwards became a resident of St. Clair county, was a member of the territorial legislature, judge of the county court, and wrote and published a narrative of his captivity among the Indians.

On the 10th of December in the same year, James Garrison and Benjamin Ogle, while hauling hay from the bottom, were attacked by two Indians; Ogle was shot in the shoulder, where the ball remains; Garrison sprang from the lead and escaped into the woods. The horses taking fright, carried Ogle safe to the settlement. In stacking the same hay, Samuel Garrison and a Mr. Riddick were killed and scalped.

1789. This was a period of considerable mischief. Three boys were attacked by six Indians, a few yards from the block-house, one of which, David Waddle, was struck with the tomahawk in three places, scalped, and yet recovered; the others escaped unhurt. A short time previous, James Turner, a young man, was killed on the American bottom. Two men were afterwards killed and scalped while on their way to St. Louis. In another instance, two men were attacked on a load of hay; one was killed outright, the other was scalped, but recovered. The same year, John Ferrel was killed, and John Dempsey was scalped and made his escape. The Indians frequently stole the horses and killed the cattle of the settlers.

1790. The embarrassments of these frontier people greatly increased, and they lived in continual alarm. In the winter, a party of Osage Indians, who had not molested them hitherto, came across the Mississippi, stole a number of horses, and attempted to recross the river. The Americans followed and fired upon them. James Worley, an old settler, having gotten in advance of his party, was shot, scalped, and his head cut off and left on the sand-bar. The same year, James Smith, a Baptist preacher from Kentucky, while on a visit to these frontiers, was taken prisoner by a party of Kickapoos. On the 19th of May, in company with Mrs. Hough and a Frenchman, he was proceeding from the block-house to a settlement then known by the name of the Little Village. The Kickapoos fired upon them from an ambuscade near Bellefontaine, killed the Frenchman's horse, sprang upon the woman and her child, whom they despatched with the tomahawk, and took Smith. His horse being shot, he attempted to flee on foot; and having some valuable papers in his saddle-bags, he threw them into a thicket, where they were found next day by his friends. Having retreated a few yards down the hill, he fell on his knees in prayer for the poor woman they were butchering, and who had been seriously impressed, for some days, about religion. The Frenchman escaped on foot to the thickets. The Indians soon had possession of Smith, loaded him with packs of plunder which they had collected, and took up their line of march through the prairies. Smith was a large, heavy man, and soon became tired under his heavy load, and with the hot sun. Several consultations were held by the Indians, how to dispose of their prisoner. Some were for despatching him outright, being fearful the whites would follow them from the settlement, and frequently pointed their guns at his breast. Knowing well the Indian character, he would bare his breast as if in defiance, and point upward to signify the Great Spirit

was his protector. Seeing him in the attitude of prayer, and hearing him sing hymns on his march, which he did to relieve his own mind from despondency, they came to the conclusion that he was a 'great medicine,' holding daily intercourse with the Good Spirit, and must not be put to death. After this, they took off his burdens and treated him kindly. They took him to the Kickapoo towns on the Wabash, from whence, in a few months, he obtained his deliverance, the inhabitants of New Design paying one hundred and seventy dollars for his ransom.

1791. In the spring of this year, the Indians again commenced their depredations by stealing horses. In May, John Dempsey was attacked, but made his escape. A party of eight men followed. The Indians were just double their number. A severe running-fight was kept up for several hours, and conducted with great prudence and bravery on the part of the whites. Each party kept the trees for shelter; the Indians retreating and the Americans pursuing, from tree to tree, till night put an end to the conflict. Five Indians were killed without the loss of a man or of a drop of blood on the other side. This party consisted of Captain N. Hull, who commanded, Joseph Ogle, sen., Benjamin Ogle, James Lemen, sen., J. Ryan, William Bryson, John Porter, and D. Raper.

1792. This was a season of comparative quietness. No Indian fighting; and the only depredations committed, were in stealing a few horses.

1793. This was a period of contention and alarm. The little settlements were strengthened this year by the addition of a band of emigrants from Kentucky; amongst which was the family of Whiteside.

In February, an Indian in ambuscade, wounded Joel Whiteside, and was followed by John Moore, Andrew Kinney, Thos. Todd, and others, killed and scalped. Soon after, a party of Kickapoos, supposed to have been headed by the celebrated war-chief, Old Pecan, made a predatory excursion into the American bottom, near the present residence of S. W. Miles, in Monroe county, and stole nine horses from the citizens. A number of citizens rallied and commenced pursuit; but many having started without preparing for long absence, and being apprehensive that an expedition into the Indian country would be attended with much danger, all returned but eight men. This little band consisted of Samuel Judy, John Whiteside, William L. Whiteside, Uel Whiteside, William Harrington, John Dempsey, and John Porter, with William Whiteside, a man of great prudence and unquestioned bravery in Indian warfare, whom they chose commander.

They passed on the trail near the present site of Belleville, towards the Indian camps on Shoal creek, where they found three of the stolen horses grazing which they secured. The party then, small as it was, divided into two parts of four men each, and approached the Indian camps from opposite sides. The signal for attack was the discharge of the captain's gun. One Indian, a son of Old Pecan, was killed, another mortally, and others slightly wounded, and the Indians fled, leaving their guns. Such a display of courage by the whites, and being attacked on two sides at once, made the Indians believe there was a large force, and the old chief approached

the party and begged for quarter. But when he discovered his foes to be an insignificant number, and his own party numerous, he called aloud to his braves to return and retrieve their honour. His own gun he had surrendered to the whites, but now he seized the gun of the captain, and exerted all his force to wrest it from him. Captain Whiteside was a powerful man, and a stranger to fear; but he compelled the Indian to retire, deeming it dishonourable to destroy an unarmed man, who had previously surrendered.

This intrepid band was now in the heart of the Indian country, where hundreds of warriors could be rallied in a few hours' time. In this critical situation, Captain Whiteside, not less distinguished for prudence than bravery, did not long hesitate. With the horses they had recovered, they immediately started for home, without loss of time in hunting the remainder. They travelled night and day, without eating or sleeping, till they reached in safety Whiteside's station, in Monroe county. On the same night, Old Pecan, with seventy warriors, arrived in the vicinity of Cahokia. From that time, the very name of Whiteside struck terror amongst the Kickapoos.

Hazardous and daring as this expedition was, it met with great disapprobation from many of the settlers. Some alleged, that Old Pecan was decidedly friendly to the whites; that another party had stolen the horses; that the attack upon his camp was clandestine and wanton; and that it was the cause of much subsequent mischief. These nice points of casuistry are difficult to be settled at this period. It has long been known, that one portion of a nation or tribe will be on the war-path, while another party will pretend to be peaceable. Hence it has been found necessary to hold the tribe responsible for the conduct of its party.

1794. The Indians, in revenge for the attack just narrated, shot Thomas Whiteside, a young man, near the 'station,' tomahawked a son of William Whiteside, so that he died, and wounded another son that lived, all in revenge for the death of Old Pecan's son. In February, of the same year, the Indians killed Mr. Hough, one of the early settlers, while on his way to Kaskaskia.

1795. Two men at one time, and some French negroes at another time, were killed on the American bottom, and some prisoners were taken. The same year, the family of Mr. McMahan was killed and himself and daughters taken prisoners. This man lived in the outskirts of the settlement. Four Indians attacked his house in daylight, killed his wife and four children before his eyes, laid their bodies in a row on the floor of the cabin, took him and his daughter, and marched for their towns. On the second night, Mr. McMahan, finding the Indians asleep, put on their moccasins and made his escape. He arrived in the settlement just after his neighbours had buried his family. They had enclosed their bodies in rude coffins, and covered them with earth as he came in sight. He looked upon the newly formed hillock, and raising his eyes to heaven, in pious resignation, said, 'they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' His daughter, now Mrs. Gaskill, of Ridge prairie, was afterwards ransomed by the charitable contributions of the people.

Not far from this period, the Whitesides and others,

to the number of fourteen persons, made an attack upon an encampment of Indians, of superior force, at the foot of the bluffs west of Belleville. Only one Indian ever returned to his nation to tell the story of their defeat. The graves of the rest are now to be seen, in the border of a thicket on the battle-ground. In this skirmish, Captain William Whiteside was wounded, as he thought, mortally, having received a shot in his side. As he fell, he exhorted his sons to fight valiantly, not to yield an inch of ground, nor let the Indians touch his body. Uel Whiteside, who was shot in the arm, and disabled from using the rifle, examined the wound, and found the ball had glanced along the ribs and lodged against the spine. With that presence of mind, which is sometimes characteristic of our backwoods hunters, he whipped out his knife, gashed the skin, extracted the ball, and holding it up, exultingly exclaimed, 'Father, you are not dead!' The old man instantly jumped on his feet, and renewed the fight, exclaiming, come on, boys, I can fight them yet! Such instances of desperate intrepidity and martial energy of character, distinguished the men who defended the frontiers of Illinois in those days of peril.

The subjugation of the Indians in the Miami country, by General Wayne, in 1794, and the treaty that grew out of it the following year, brought peace to the borders of Illinois, and the settlers remained unmolested from these daily alarms. A few horses were stolen from time to time, and in 1802, Joseph Vanmeter and Alexander Dennis were killed on the American bottom, but no attack was made upon the settlements. Families again took up their abodes in the borders of the prairies; emigrants from the states clustered around them, and the cultivation of the soil was pursued without fear or interruption.

During most of the period we have gone over, these people lived under the jurisdiction of the Northwestern Territory. The administration of civil government was conducted in its most simple form; the morals of the people were pure, and much of rural simplicity and hospitality was enjoyed.

There was something peculiarly interesting in this primitive society. The grosser vices were unknown. There was but very little use for the administration of either civil or criminal laws. Ardent spirit, that outrage upon morals, social order, and religion, had been introduced but in small quantities; thefts and other crimes were extremely rare, and fraud and dishonesty in dealings, but seldom practised. The Moores, Ogles, Lemens, and other families, were of unblemished morals, and were impelled by a love of freedom to leave the banks of the Potomac, in Virginia, for a residence on the prairies of Illinois. They were opposed to slavery, and took up their long line of march for these wild regions, that they and their posterity might enjoy uninterrupted, the advantages of a country unembarrassed with slavery.

For the first eight or ten years of the period I have glanced over, the only professor of religion in the colony was a female, who had been a member of the Presbyterian church; yet the Sabbath was observed with religious consecration. The people were accustomed to assemble, sing hymns, and read a portion of scripture or a sermon. No one ventured to offer a prayer.

In 1778, James Smith, a Baptist preacher from

Kentucky, whose captivity with the Indians has been narrated, visited the settlement and preached to the people. The influence of the divine Spirit descended, and some were converted. This was the first protestant preaching, and these were the first converts, and this the first revival of religion, ever known on the banks of the 'father of waters.'

In 1790, Smith made his third visit to the country, preached several times, and other persons became anxious about their souls, amongst whom was the woman who was murdered, when he was captured. Owing to the unsettled state of the country, it was not deemed expedient to organize a church. Amongst the converts made under the preaching of Smith, were Joseph Ogle and some of his children, James Lemen, sen., their wives and others.

In 1793, Joseph Lillard, a Methodist preacher, made a visit to the country, and attended several meetings. Some of the families embraced Methodist principles. The succeeding year, Josiah Dodge, a regular Baptist preacher, originally from Connecticut, but then from Kentucky, visited Illinois, and preached the gospel with some success. The next year he returned and baptized James Lemen, sen. and wife, John Gibbons and Isaac Enochs. This was the first instance of the ordinance of baptism being administered by a protestant in these ends of the earth. During the same year, 1796, elder David Badgley from Virginia, visited Illinois, and organized the Baptist church at New Design, which was the first regularly organized protestant community.

It is worthy of note, that the descendants of those early settlers whose attention was turned to religion, and for whom the Lord spread a table in the wilderness, are now worthy and respectable members of christian churches. A large majority of the Moores, Lemens and Ogles, are of this description.

In a few years, preachers of the gospel were raised up in the country, many of whom are now alive; and notwithstanding the difficulties they had to surmount, and the privations to endure, they have been instrumental in doing much good. In those days, that minister's library was thought to be well supplied, that contained a complete copy of the Holy Scriptures, a copy of Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and Russell's seven Sermons. There were preachers then, who taught the people in the best manner they were able, without possessing, and without the power of obtaining a *whole copy* of the Word of God.

The opportunity of these pioneers to educate their children was extremely small. If the mother could read, while the father was in the cornfield, or with his rifle upon the range, she would barricade the door to keep off the Indians, gather her little ones around her, and by the light that came in from the crevices in the roof and sides of the cabin, she would teach them the rudiments of spelling from the fragments of some old book. After schools were taught, the price of a rough and antiquated copy of Dilworth's spelling book was *one* dollar, and that dollar equal in value to *five* now.

The first school ever taught for the American settlers, was by Samuel Seely, in 1783. Francis Clark, an intemperate man, came next. This was near Bellefontaine, in 1785. After this, an inoffensive Irishman of small attainments, by the name of Halfpenny, was employed by the people for several quarters. Spelling, reading, writing, and the ele-

ments of arithmetic, were all the branches attempted to be taught, and these in a very imperfect manner.

The year 1797 was distinguished for a mortal sickness that prevailed in the settlement of New Design. A colony of one hundred and twenty-six persons, left the south branch of the Potomac, in Virginia, early in the spring, descended the Ohio by water, landed at Fort Massac, bringing their horses and waggons, with which they crossed the wilderness to New Design. The season proved uncommonly rainy; the mud was excessively deep, and frequently for miles in extent, they were obliged to wade through sheets of water. They were twenty-one days in traversing this wilderness, which is mostly a timbered region. The old settlers had been so long harassed with Indian warfare, that agriculture had been neglected, their cattle were few in number, and their stock of provisions very scanty. Their cabins usually consisted of a single room, for all domestic purposes; and though hospitality to strangers is a universal trait in frontier character, it was utterly beyond the power of the inhabitants to provide accommodations in provisions or shelter to these new comers, who arrived in a famishing, deplorable, and sickly condition. They did the best they could; a single cabin frequently contained three or four families. Their rifles could procure venison from the prairies; but the extreme rains were followed with unusual heat; they had no salt, and their meat was often in 'spoiling order,' before they could pack it from the hunting grounds to the settlement. Medical aid was procured with the greatest difficulty, and that but seldom. Under such circumstances, need it surprise the reader, that of the one hundred and twenty-six emigrants who left Virginia in the spring, only sixty-three remained at the close of summer. A little bluff had been entirely covered with newly-formed graves! They were swept off by a putrid fever, uncommonly malignant, and which sometimes did its work in a few hours. The inhabitants were healthy as usual.

The settlers inform me, that no disease like it ever appeared in the country before or since. Intelligence of this fatal sickness reached the Atlantic states, found its way into the periodical journals, and more than all other events, has produced an impression abroad, that Illinois is a sickly country; an impression wholly incorrect. Illinois, unquestionably, is as healthy a region as any western state.

In 1798, Turkey Hill settlement, in St. Clair county, was made by William Scott. His descendants are numerous and respectable in that county.

Many other interesting facts of this early period may yet be gleaned. The facts I have narrated, are of unquestionable authority, having been obtained from those who were actors in the scenes.

THE WESTERN MOTHERS.

Nor was it man alone who boldly adventured into the untrodden forests of the west, to found new states and cities. Woman, gentle and confiding woman, was present, to share the dangers and perils of the lords of creation. The legends of the west, the tales of chivalry and adventure, which are intimately connected with the formation and progress of those members of the confederacy which at some future period are destined to exercise an immense influence on the fortunes of our country, often present woman as taking an active part in the perils of Indian warfare; and it is by no means unusual, for the traveller in wandering over the western frontier, to hear a thrilling narrative of a devoted wife, standing up at her husband's side, and perilling her life with a generous devotion which none but woman can know, and rendering to the beloved of her bosom, assistance which was often of vital importance to him.

McClung in his interesting *Sketches of Western Adventure* has recorded among many others of a kindred character, the following sketch.

"During the summer, the house of Mr. John Merrill, of Nelson county, Ky., was attacked by the Indians, and defended with singular address and good fortune. Merrill was alarmed by the barking of a dog about midnight, and upon opening the door in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, he received the fire of six or seven Indians, by which his arm and thigh were both broken. He instantly sunk upon the floor and called upon his wife to close the door. This had scarcely been done, when it was violently assailed by the tomahawks of the enemy, and a large breach soon effected. Mrs. Merrill, however, being a perfect Amazon both in strength and courage, guarded it with an axe, and successively killed or badly wounded four of the enemy as they attempted to force their way into the cabin. The Indians then ascended the roof and attempted to enter by way of the chimney, but here, again, they were met by the same determined enemy. Mrs. Merrill seized the only feather bed, which the cabin afforded, and hastily ripping it open, poured its contents upon the fire. A furious blaze and stifling smoke instantly ascended the chimney, and quickly brought down two of the enemy, who lay for a few moments at the mercy of the lady. Seizing the axe, she quickly despatched them, and was instantly afterward summoned to the door, where the only remaining savage now appeared, endeavouring to effect an entrance while she was engaged at the chimney. He soon received a gash in the cheek, which compelled him with a loud yell to relinquish his purpose. He returned to Chillicothe, where, from the report of a prisoner, he gave an exaggerated account of the fierceness, strength and courage of the long-knife squaw!"

The following is another thrilling story from McClung's book.

"On the night of the eleventh of April, 1787, the house of a widow, in Bourbon county, became the scene of an adventure, which we think deserves to be related. She occupied what is generally called a double cabin, in a lonely part of the county, one

room of which was tenanted by the old lady herself, together with two grown sons, and a widowed daughter, at that time suckling an infant, while the other was occupied by two unmarried daughters from sixteen to twenty years of age, together with a little girl not more than half grown. The hour was eleven o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was still busily engaged at the loom, but the other members of the family, with the exception of one of the sons, had retired to rest. Some symptoms of an alarming nature had engaged the attention of the young man for an hour before any thing of a decided character took place. The cry of owls were heard in the adjoining wood, answering each other in rather an unusual manner. The horses, which were inclosed as usual in a pound near the house, were more than commonly excited, and by repeated snorting and galloping, announced the presence of some object of terror. The young man was often upon the point of awakening his brother, but was as often restrained by the fear of incurring ridicule and the reproach of timidity, at that time an unpardonable blemish in the character of a Kentuckian. At length, hasty steps were heard in the yard, and quickly afterward, several loud knocks at the door, accompanied by the usual exclamation, "who keeps house?" in very good English. The young man, supposing from the language, that some benighted settlers were at the door, hastily arose, and was advancing to withdraw the bar which secured it, when his mother, who had long lived upon the frontiers, and had probably detected the Indian tone in the demand for admission, instantly sprang out of bed, and ordered her son not to admit them, declaring that they were Indians. She instantly awakened her other son, and the two young men seizing their guns, which were always charged, prepared to repel the enemy. The Indians finding it impossible to enter under their assumed characters, began to thunder at the door with great violence, but a single shot from a loophole, compelled them to shift the attack to some less exposed point; and, unfortunately, they discovered the door of the other cabin, which contained the three daughters. The rifles of the brothers could not be brought to bear upon this point, and by means of several rails taken from the yard fence, the door was forced from its hinges and the three girls were at the mercy of the savages. One was instantly secured, but the eldest defended herself desperately with a knife which she had been using at the loom, and stabbed one of the Indians to the heart, before she was tomahawked. In the mean time the little girl, who had been overlooked by the enemy in their eagerness to secure the others, ran out into the yard, and might have effected her escape, had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled, but instead of that the terrified little creature ran around the house wringing her hands, and crying out that her sisters were killed. The brothers, unable to hear her cries, without risking every thing for her rescue, rushed to the door and were preparing to sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before them and calmly declared that the child must be abandoned to its fate—that the sally would sacrifice the lives of all the rest without the slightest benefit to the little girl. Just then the child uttered a loud scream, followed by a few faint moans and all was

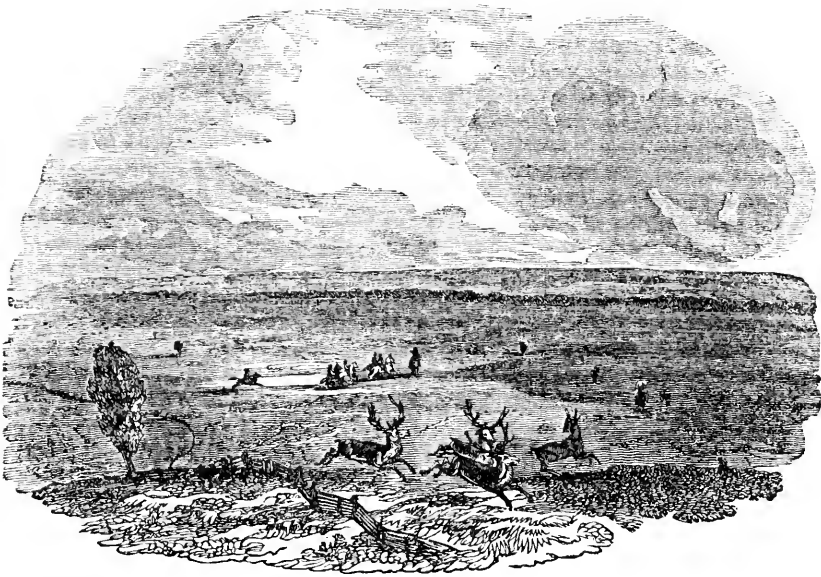
again silent. Presently the crackling of flames was heard, accompanied by a triumphant yell from the Indians, announcing that they had set fire to that division of the house which had been occupied by the daughters, and of which they held undisputed possession. The fire was quickly communicated to the rest of the building, and it became necessary to abandon it or perish in the flames. In the one case, there was a possibility that some might escape; in the other, their fate would be equally certain and terrible. The rapid approach of the flames cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, and the old lady, supported by her eldest son, attempted to cross the fence at one point, while her daughter carrying her child in her arms, and attended by the younger of the brothers, ran in a different direction. The blazing roof shed a light over the yard but little inferior to that of day, and the savages were distinctly seen awaiting the approach of their victims. The old lady was permitted to reach the stile unmolested, but in the act of crossing, received several balls in her breast and fell dead. Her son, providentially, remained unhurt, and by extraordinary agility, effected his escape. The other party succeeded also in reaching the fence unhurt, but in the act of crossing, were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sister gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle with a fury that drew their whole attention upon himself, and gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the tomahawk of his enemies, and was found at daylight, scalped and mangled in a shocking manner. Of the whole family, consisting of eight persons, when the attack commenced, only three escaped. Four were killed upon the spot, and one (the second daughter) carried off as a prisoner.

"The neighbourhood was quickly alarmed, and by daylight, about thirty men were assembled under the command of Colonel Edwards. A light snow had fallen during the latter part of the night, and the Indian trail could be pursued at a gallop. It led directly into the mountainous country bordering upon Licking, and afforded evidences of great hurry and precipitation on the part of the fugitives. Unfortunately, a hound had been permitted to accompany the whites, and as the trail became fresh and the scent warm, she followed it with eagerness, baying loudly, and giving the alarm to the Indians. The consequences of this imprudence were soon displayed. The enemy finding the pursuit keen, and perceiving that the strength of the prisoner began to fail, instantly sunk their tomahawks in her head and left her, still warm and bleeding upon the snow. As the whites came up, she retained strength enough to wave her hand in token of recognition, and appeared desirous of giving them some information, with regard to the enemy, but her strength was too far gone. Her brother spring from his horse and knelt by her side, endeavouring to stop the effusion of blood, but in vain. She gave him her hand, muttered some inarticulate words, and expired within two minutes after the arrival of the party. The pursuit was renewed with additional ardour, and in twenty minutes the enemy was within view. They

had taken possession of a steep narrow ridge and seemed desirous of magnifying their numbers in the eyes of the whites, as they ran rapidly from tree to tree, and maintained a steady yell in their most appalling tones. The pursuers, however, were too experienced to be deceived by so common an artifice, and being satisfied that the number of the enemy must be inferior to their own, they dismounted, tied their horses, and flanking out in such a manner as to inclose the enemy, ascended the ridge as rapidly as was consistent with a due regard to the shelter of their persons. The firing quickly commenced, and now for the first time they discovered that only two Indians were opposed to them. They had voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the safety of the main body, and had succeeded in delaying pursuit until their friends could reach the mountains. One of them was instantly shot dead, and the other was badly wounded, as was evident from the blood upon his blanket, as well as that which filled his tracks in the snow for a considerable distance. The pursuit was recommenced, and urged keenly until night, when the trail entered a running stream and was lost. On the following morning the snow had melted, and every trace of the enemy was obliterated. This affair must be regarded as highly honourable to the skill, address, and activity of the Indians, and the self-devotion of the rear-guard, is a lively instance of that magnanimity of which they are at times capable, and which is more remarkable in them, from the extreme caution, and tender regard for their own lives, which usually distinguishes their warriors".

THE CORPORAL.

During the American Revolution, an officer, not habited in his military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs upon a small redoubt. The commander of the little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in his regular vociferations, 'Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!' &c. The officer before spoken of, stopped his horse when arrived at the place, and seeing the timber sometimes scarcely move, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, turning to the officer with the pomp of an emperor, said, 'Sir, I am corporal.' 'You are not though are you?' said the officer; 'I was not aware of it.' And taking off his hat and bowing, 'I ask your pardon, corporal.' Upon this he dismounted his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops upon his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to this man clothed in brief authority, 'Mr. Corporal,' said he, 'when you have another such a job, and have not men enough, send to your Commander-in-Chief and I will come and help you a second time.' The corporal was thunder-struck



THE PRAIRIE.

ON my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide Prairies, which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The nighthawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves, gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracting my eye, I moved towards it, full of confidence, that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken:—I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows

and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighbourhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye, as to destroy it for ever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of

anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine ; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

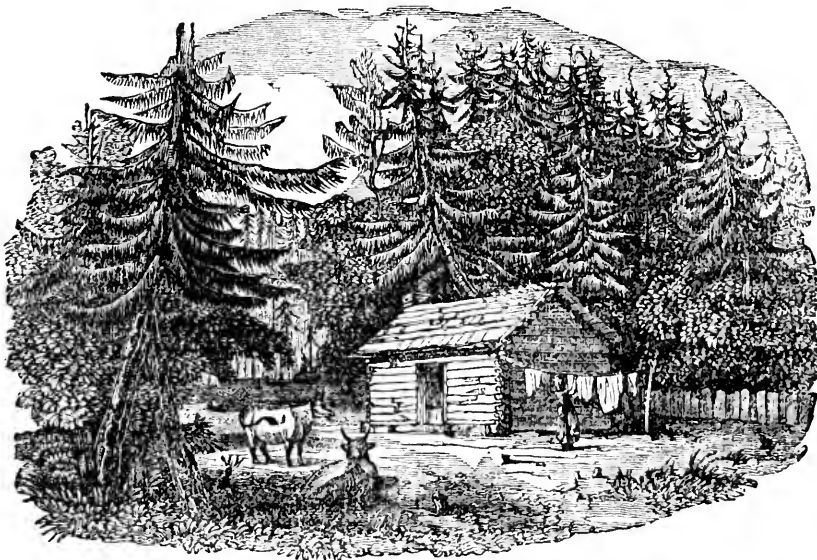
I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favourable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived

danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat* ; and the frequent visits of the whiskey-bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill you—, and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot :—but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.



They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

Will you believe, reader, that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, and where fifteen years ago, no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, and very few ever seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort is to be met with. So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country.

Audubon.

WHITE INDIANS.

I PERCEIVE an article is taking the rounds, headed "The White Indians," represented as residing between California and Santa Fe. The writer of this article has been in that section of that country, and heard of no such nation as that described as the Mawkees. The Nabahoos, or Navahoos, he has been among, but must represent as far different from the description given. Their government is purely republican—the habits of the people pastoral, and agricultural. They are (for Indians) far advanced in the arts, are more industrious, far more ingenious, &c., than their Mexican neighbours, and are much further advanced in the arts of civilized life; their mechanism appears (*sui generis*) singular in its kind, and savours more of Chinese or Indian origin. Their blankets are highly prized by the Mexicans, and sell at a high price. They are very chivalrous, and are considered the perpetual enemy of the Mexican Spaniard, whom they treat with the utmost contempt. They have 30,000 warriors living in valleys, surrounded by inaccessible mountains, with narrow passes. They long bid defiance to the combined power of Mexico, making frequent excursions, capturing many Mexicans, with their horses. Prisoners, they make slaves of, and in return, the Mexicans make slaves of them, whenever taken captive. They are very ingenious and careful servants, are very uncouth—the structure of their heads gives them a very homely appearance; they are but little, if any lighter in complexion than any other Indians. Their mountain fastnesses were never penetrated by hostile feet until a few years past. The government of Mexico sent General Viscaire, one of their bravest chieftains, against them; he penetrated to their strongest towns, and compelled them to sue for the first time for peace: still a predatory warfare is carried on between them and the Mexicans.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

JAMES MORGAN, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled himself near Bryant's station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the fifteenth day of August, 1782;—the sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood; the tall cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon Morgan had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenance of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings by its cherub smiles, its playful humour, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard, another, and another, followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed "INDIANS!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment all their fears were realized, by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her—she arose—seized her infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom; again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. "In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall be lost," said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring tone of voice, as he forced the infant from his wife; hastily took up his gun, knife and hatchet; ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered.

By this time, Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back; then throwing off some clapboards from the roof of his cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and "closed in." The savage made a blow—missed aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant on his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy. Both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper, and the

savage soon sunk to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and gun, and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprized of the contest in the yard, until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved on with the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him down—reloaded his gun, and again pushed forward. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided between Bryant's station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers immediately set out for his dwelling. As they approached the clearing, a light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the cane-brake—beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground. "My Wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed for some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few steps, and sunk exhausted to the earth.

Morning came—the bright luminary of Heaven arose—and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "ELIZABETH," on the ground—his left was thrown over his favourite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin, and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made a search, and found some bones almost burned to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide-spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors, and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, but were pursued by the enemy for a distance of six-and-thirty miles.

James Morgan was among the last that crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As soon as he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt anew his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his early affections. He urged on his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping-knife. At this moment Morgan cast his eyes upward and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece

of ground, a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle-ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak, its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with the blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon, occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling the coarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wildcat, and the panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair, to his own end.

A large and ferocious looking bear, covered with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground—silently commended his soul to Heaven and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head—was about offering thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and again awakened him to a sense of his danger. He placed his hands over his eyes—fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes—steps approached—a cold chill ran over him.—Imagination—creative, busy imagination, was actively employed; death—the most horrible death, awaited him—his limbs would, in all probability, be torn from his body, and he be devoured alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished—another touch, more violent than the first, and he was turned over—the cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud—a faint ray beamed upon him—his eyes involuntarily opened and he beheld his wife, who, in scarce audible voice, exclaimed "*My husband!—my husband!*" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians had entered the house, they found some spirits and drank freely; an altercation soon took place—one of them received a mortal stab and fell; his blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and betrayed her place of concealment. She was immediately taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse, with saddle and bridle, rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action, the prisoners were left unguarded—made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle-ground, she, with some other persons that had escaped with her, determined to make a search for their friends and if on the field, and living, to save them if possible from the beasts of prey. After searching for

some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their FRIENDS, their INFANT, and their HOME.

GENERAL FRANCIS MARION.

AFTER the defeat at Yorktown, General Washington invited the English officers to an entertainment. The officers of each army, gave suitable toasts, and cheerfulness and good will pervaded the assembly. The late belligerents did each other the justice due their bravery and conduct—they drank to the memory of those who had distinguished themselves during the war. When it came to the turn of Lord Cornwallis he lifted high a bumper to the "*Honour of General Marion*." Yes, please your Excellency," continued he, looking at Washington, "I honour Marion. Slender was his force, he yet gave me more alarm than any of your officers. I often detached my able partisans to surprise him; and they often promised me by express that they had got him within striking distance, and would soon give a *good account of old swamp fox*. But instead of surprising him, it always turned out that he surprised them."

AN INDIAN COUNCIL.

NEARLY opposite to me was a famous Pottowotomie chief and conjuror, called the Two Ears. He was most fantastically dressed and hideously painted, and had two large clusters of swansdown depending from each ear—I suppose, in illustration of his name. There were three men with their faces blacked with grease and soot, their hair dishevelled, and their whole appearance studiously squalid and miserable: I was told they were in mourning for near relations. With these exceptions, the dresses were much what I have already described: but the chief, whom I immediately distinguished from the rest, even before I knew his name, was my cousin, young Waub-Objeeg, the son of Wayishky; in height he towered above them all, being about six feet three or four. His dress was equally splendid and tasteful: he wore a surtout of fine blue cloth, under which was seen a shirt of gay colours, and his father's medal hung on his breast. He had a magnificent embroidered belt of wampum, from which hung his scalping-knife and pouch. His leggings (metasses) were of scarlet cloth, beautifully embroidered, with rich bands, or garters, depending to his ankle. Round his head was an embroidered band, or handkerchief, in which were stuck four wing-feathers of the war eagle, two on each side—the testimonies of his prowess as a warrior. He held a tomahawk in his hand. His features were fine, and his countenance not only mild, but almost

femininely soft. Altogether, he was in dress and personal appearance, the first specimen of his race I had yet seen: I was quite proud of my adopted kinsman. He was seated; at some distance, for, in truth, they almost touched me, sat a group of creatures, human beings I must suppose them—such as had never been seen before within the lines of civilization. I had remarked them in the morning surrounded by a group of Ottawas, among whom they seemed to excite as much wonder and curiosity as among ourselves; and when I inquired who and what they were, I was told they were cannibals from Red river; the title being, I suppose, quite gratuitous, and merely expressive of the disgust they excited. One man had his hair cut short on the top of his head, and it looked like a circular blacking-brush, while it grew long in a fringe all round, hanging on his shoulders. The skins thrown round them seemed on the point of rotting off; and their attitude, when squatted on the ground, was precisely that of the larger apes I have seen in a menagerie. More hideous, more pitiable specimens of humanity in its lowest, most degraded state, can hardly be conceived; melancholy, squalid, stupid—and yet not fierce. They had each received a kettle and a gun by way of encouragement. The whole number of chiefs assembled was seventy-five; and take notice that the half of them were smoking, that it was blazing noontide, and that every door and window was filled up with the eager faces of the crowd without, and then you may imagine that even a scene like this was not to be enjoyed without some drawbacks; in fact, it was a sort of purgatory to more senses than one, but I made up my mind to endure it, and did so. I observed, that although there were many hundreds round the house, not one woman, outside or inside, was visible during the whole time the council lasted.

Mrs. Jameson.

CHIPPEWA MATRIMONY.

WHEN a young Chippewa of St. Mary's sees a young girl who pleases him, and whom he wishes to marry, he goes and catches a loach, boils it, cuts off the tail, of which he takes the flat bone, and sticks it in his hair. He paints himself bewitchingly, takes a sort of rude flute or pipe, with two or three stops, which seems to be only used on these amatory occasions, and walks up and down his village, blowing on his flute, and looking, I presume, as sentimental as an Indian can look. This is regarded as an indication of his intentions, and all the lodges in which there are young marriageable girls are thrown into a flutter, though probably the fair one who is the secret choice is pretty well aware of it. The next step is to make presents to the parents and relatives of the young woman. If these are accepted, and his suit prospers, he makes presents to his intended, and all that now remains is to bring her home to his lodge. He neither swears before God to love her till death—an oath which it depends not on his own will to keep, even if it be not perjury in the moment it is pronounced—nor to endow her with all his worldly goods and chattels, when, even by the act of union, she loses all right of property; but apparently, the arrangements answer all purposes to their mutual satisfaction.

Mrs. Jameson.

ADVENTURES OF COL. JAMES SMITH.

OUR engraving represents a scene in the adventures of Col. James Smith, who was attached to the army of Braddock—taken prisoner by the Indians and adopted by one of the tribes. He escaped in 1789 and removed to Kentucky, and was for many years a resident of Bourbon county.

In the spring of the year 1755, James Smith, then a youth of eighteen, accompanied a party of three hundred men from the frontiers of Pennsylvania, who advanced in front of Braddock's army, for the purpose of opening a road over the mountain. When within a few miles of the Bedford springs, he was sent back to the rear, to hasten the progress of some wagons loaded with provisions and stores for the use of the road-cutters. Having delivered his orders, he was returning, in company with another young man, when they were suddenly fired upon by a party of three Indians, from a cedar thicket, which skirted the road. Smith's companion was killed on the spot; and although he himself was unhurt, yet his horse was so much frightened by the flash and report of the guns, as to become totally unmanageable, and, after a few plunges, threw him with violence to the ground. Before he could recover his feet, the Indians sprung upon him, and, overpowering his resistance, secured him as a prisoner. One of them demanded, in broken English, whether "more white men were coming up;" and upon his answering in the negative, he was seized by each arm and compelled to run with great rapidity over the mountain until night, when the small party encamped and cooked their supper. An equal share of their scanty stock of provisions was given to the prisoner, and in other respects, although strictly guarded, he was treated with great kindness. On the evening of the next day, after a rapid walk of fifty miles, through cedar thickets, and over very rocky ground, they reached the western side of the Laurel mountain, and beheld, at a little distance, the smoke of an Indian encampment. His captors now fired their guns, and raised the *scalp* halloo! This is a long yell for every scalp that has been taken, followed by a rapid succession of shrill, quick, piercing shrieks, somewhat resembling laughter in its most excited tones. They were answered from the Indian camp below, by a discharge of rifles and a long whoop, followed by shrill cries of joy, and all thronged out to meet the party. Smith expected instant death at their hands, as they crowded around him; but to his surprise, no one offered him any violence. They belonged to another tribe, and entertained the party in their camp with great hospitality, respecting the prisoner as the property of their guests. On the following morning, Smith's captors continued their march, and on the evening of the next day arrived at fort Du Quesne—now Pittsburgh. When within half a mile of the fort, they again raised the scalp halloo, and fired their guns as before. Instantly the whole garrison was in commotion. The cannon were fired—the drums were beaten, and French and Indians ran out in great numbers to meet the party, and partake of their triumph. Smith was again surrounded by a multi-

tude of savages, painted in various colours, and shouting with delight; but their demeanour was by no means as pacific as that of the last party he had encountered. They rapidly formed in two long lines, and brandishing their hatchets, ramrods, switches, &c., called aloud upon him to run the gauntlet. Never having heard of this Indian ceremony before, he stood amazed for some time, not knowing what to do; but one of his captors explained to him, that he was to run between the two lines, and receive a blow from each Indian as he passed, concluding his explanation by exhorting him to "run his best," as the faster he ran the sooner the affair would be over. This truth was very plain—and young Smith entered upon his race with great spirit. He was switched very handsomely along the lines, for about three fourths of the distance, the stripes only acting as a spur to greater exertions, and he had almost reached the opposite extremity of the line, when a tall chief struck him a furious blow with a club upon the back of the head, and instantly felled him to the ground. Recovering himself in a moment, he sprang to his feet and started forward again, when a handful of sand was thrown in his eyes, which, in addition to the great pain, completely blinded him. He still attempted to grope his way through; but was again knocked down and beaten with merciless severity. He soon became insensible under such barbarous treatment, and recollected nothing more, until he found himself in the hospital of the fort, under the hands of a French surgeon, beaten to a jelly, and unable to move a limb. Here he was quickly visited by one of his captors—the same who had given him such good advice, when about to commence his race. He now inquired, with some interest, if he felt "very sore." Young Smith replied, that he had been bruised almost to death, and asked what he had done to merit such barbarity. The Indian replied, that he had done nothing, but that it was the customary greeting of the Indians to their prisoners—that it was something like the English "how d'ye do?" and that now all ceremony would be laid aside, and he would be treated with kindness. Smith inquired if they had any news of General Braddock. The Indian replied that their scouts saw him every day from the mountains—that he was advancing in close columns through the woods—(this he indicated by placing a number of red sticks parallel to each other, and pressed closely together)—and that the Indians would be able to shoot them down "like pigeons."

Smith rapidly recovered, and was soon able to walk upon the battlements of the fort, with the aid of a stick. While engaged in this exercise, on the morning of the 9 —, he observed an unusual bustle in the fort. The Indians stood in crowds at the great gate, armed and painted. Many barrels of powder, ball, flints, &c., were brought out to them, from which each warrior helped himself to such articles as he required. They were soon joined by a small detachment of French regulars, when the whole party marched off together. He had a full view of them as they passed, and was confident that they could not exceed four hundred men. He soon learned that it was detached against Braddock, who was now within a few miles of the fort; but from their great inferiority in numbers, he regarded their destruction as certain, and looked joyfully to

the arrival of Braddock in the evening, as the hour which was to deliver him from the power of the Indians. In the afternoon, however, an Ind runner arrived with far different intelligence. The battle had not yet ended when he left the field; but he announced that the English had been surrounded, and were shot down in heaps by an invisible enemy; that instead of flying at once or rushing upon their concealed foe, they appeared completely bewildered, huddled together in the centre of the ring, and before sun-down there would not be a man of them alive. This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon Smith who now saw himself irretrievably in the power of the savages, and could look forward to nothing but torture or endless captivity. He waited anxiously for further intelligence, still hoping that the fortune of the day might change. But about sunset, he heard at a distance the well-known scalp halloo, followed by wild, quick, joyful shrieks, and accompanied by long-continued firing. This too surely announced the fate of the day. About dusk, the party returned to the fort, driving before them twelve British regulars, stripped naked and with their faces painted black! an evidence that the unhappy wretches were devoted to death. Next came the Indians displaying their bloody scalps, of which they had immense numbers, and dressed in the scarlet coats, sashes, and military hats of the officers and soldiers. Behind all came a train of baggage-horses, laden with piles of scalps, canteens, and all the accoutrements of British soldiers. The savages appeared frantick with joy, and when Smith beheld them entering the fort, dancing, yelling, brandishing their red tomahawks, and waving their scalps in the air, while the great guns of the fort replied to the incessant discharge of rifles without, he says, that it looked as if the lower regions had given a holiday, and turned loose its inhabitants upon the upper world. The most melancholy spectacle was the band of prisoners. They appeared dejected and anxious. Poor fellows! They had but a few months before left London, at the command of their superiours, and we may easily imagine their feelings, at the strange and dreadful spectacle around them. The yells of delight and congratulation were scarcely over, when those of vengeance began. The devoted prisoners—British regulars—were led out from the fort to the banks of the Allegany, and to the eternal disgrace of the French commandant, were there burnt to death one after another, with the most awful tortures. Smith stood upon the battlements and witnessed the shocking spectacle. The prisoner was tied to a stake with his hands raised above his head, stripped naked, and surrounded by Indians. They would touch him with red-hot irons, and stick his body full of pine splinters and set them on fire—drowning the shrieks of the victim in the yells of delight with which they danced around him. His companions in the meantime stood in a group near the stake, and had a foretaste of what was in reserve for each of them. As fast as one prisoner died under his tortures, another filled his place, until the whole perished. All this took place so near the fort, that every scream of the victims must have rung in the ears of the French commandant!

Two or three days after this shocking spectacle, most of the Indian tribes dispersed and returned to

their homes, as is usual with them after a great and decisive battle. Young Smith was demanded of the French by the tribe to whom he belonged, and was immediately surrendered into their hands.

The party embarked in canoes, and ascended the Allegany river, as far as a small Indian town about forty miles above fort Du Quesne. There they abandoned their canoes, and striking into the woods, travelled in a western direction, until they arrived at a considerable Indian town, in what is now the state of Ohio. This village was called Tullibas—and was situated upon the western branch of the Muskingum. During the whole of this period, Smith suffered much anxiety, from the uncertainty of his future fate, but at this town all doubt was removed. On the morning of his arrival, the principal members of the tribe gathered around him—and one old man with deep gravity, began to pluck out his hair by the roots, while the others looked on in silence, smoking their pipes with great deliberation. Smith did not understand the design of this singular ceremony, but submitted very patiently to the man's labours, who performed the operation of "picking" him with great dexterity, dipping his fingers in the ashes occasionally, in order to take a better hold. In a very few moments Smith's head was bald, with the exception of a single long tuft upon the centre of his crown, called the "scalp lock." This was carefully plaited in such a manner, as to stand upright, and was ornamented with several silver brooches. His ears and nose were then bored with equal gravity, and ornamented with ear-rings and nose-jewels. He was then ordered to strip—which being done, his naked body was painted in various fantastick colours, and a breech-cloth fastened around his loins. A belt of wampum was then placed around his neck, and silver bands around his right arm. To all this Smith submitted with much anxiety, being totally ignorant of their customs, and dreading lest, like the British prisoners, he had been stripped and painted for the stake. His alarm was increased, when an old chief arose, took him by the arm, and leading him out into the open air, gave three shrill whoops, and was instantly surrounded by every inhabitant of the village—warriors, women and children. The chief then addressed the crowd in a long speech, still holding Smith by the hand. When he had ceased speaking, he led Smith forward, and delivered him into the hands of three young Indian girls, who grappling him without ceremony, towed him off to the river which ran at the foot of the hill, dragged him in the water up to his breast, and all three suddenly clapping their hands upon his head, attempted to put him under. Utterly desperate at the idea of being drowned by these young ladies, Smith made a manful resistance—the squaws persevered and a prodigious splashing in the water took place, amidst loud peals of laughter from the shore. At length, one of the squaws became alarmed at the furious struggles of the young white man, and cried out earnestly several times, "No hurt you! no hurt you!" Upon this agreeable intelligence, Smith's resistance ceased, and these gentle creatures plunged him under the water, and scrubbed him from head to foot with equal zeal and perseverance. As soon as they were satisfied, they led him ashore, and presented him to the chief—shivering with cold, and dripping with water. The Indians then dressed him in a





ruffled shirt, leggins, and moccasins, variously ornamented, seated him upon a bear-skin, and gave him a pipe, tomahawk, tobacco, pouch, flint and steel. The chiefs then took their seats by his side, and smoked for several minutes in deep silence, when the eldest delivered a speech, through an interpreter, in the following words: "My son, you are now one of us. Hereafter, you have nothing to fear. By an ancient custom, you have been adopted in the room of a brave man, who has fallen; and every drop of white blood has been washed from your veins. We are now your brothers, and are bound by our law to love you, to defend you, and to avenge your injuries, as much as if you were born in our tribe." He was then introduced to the members of the family into which he had been adopted, and was received by the whole of them with great demonstrations of regard. In the evening, he received an invitation to a great feast—and was there presented with a wooden bowl and spoon, and directed to fill the former from a huge kettle of boiled corn and hashed venison. The evening concluded with a war-dance, and on the next morning, the warriors of the tribe assembled, and leaving one or two hunters, to provide for their families in their absence, the rest marched off for the frontiers of Virginia.

FAREWELL OF THE SEMINOLE CHIEF.

Land of our love, farewell!
Fields, where the palm-grass waves, and thickets green,
Homes, lowly huts, where joy, and grief have been,
Cool springs, sweet waters flowing, silvery lakes,
Tall trees, with blossoms white as north snow flakes,
Wild vines, fair flowers—farewell!

All living things, farewell!
Learn, faithful dog, the stranger-master's call;
Suffer thou too, poor steed, the white man's thrall;
Bound on, ye gentle deer: rest in your lair,
Fierce panthers, when shall hunter rouse ye there?
Between us, peace—farewell!

Our fathers' graves, farewell!
We long to lay our bones by yours, and know
These forest birds would sing, these spring flowers blow
Above our last low bed—Oh, sweet the earth
Denied us, where our little ones had birth!
Graves of our sires—farewell!

Place of death-strife, farewell!
Broken tomahawk—the warrior's brow
Wears not the battle spirit—silent now
The deep blood stirring war-cry bonds around
His hands, and heart, the Seminole's bound—
Fields of the brave—farewell!

Winds, dews, earth, skies—farewell!
The ship floats proudly on *our own* smooth bay,
Her broad sails fluttering long to bear away
The red man from his home—no more, no more,
Returning to his forest-belted shore.
Land of my love—farewell!

WESTERN ANTIQUITIES.

FROM THE WESTERN MESSENGER.

"There may be no such ruins in America as are to be found in Europe, or in Asia, or in Africa; but other ruins there are of prodigious magnitude."—*John Neat.*

THE remains of antiquity which are spread over the great valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, cannot fail to arrest the attention of the intelligent and observant traveller. They carry him back, in imagination, to those remote ages, when this fertile region was inhabited by a people now extinct, of whom

tradition has preserved no account. If he does not behold the broken columns, and the mouldering ruins of splendid palaces and magnificent temples, like those which adorned the banks of the Nile, the plains of Greece, and the seven hills of the "Eternal City"—ruins which still shadow forth the magnificent wealth and power of the people by whom they were erected; his eye, nevertheless, rests upon the works of past ages, which speak in silent but expressive language of extinct nations. They speak of a people who, perhaps, were once mighty in power, and who proudly rejoiced in their strength; who, possibly, could boast of warriors and statesmen, of orators and poets. But they have passed away; the place that has known them will know them no more; their glory has departed, and their history is lost in the oblivion of ages.

These great works, the ruins of which are now only to be seen, were probably constructed in the proud hope, that the fame of the people by whom they were erected, would be transmitted to future ages, and tell of their glory and renown. How vain the hope! If they ever bore any records of past history—of the warlike exploits of heroes, or the civic honours of statesmen, the destroying hand of time has obliterated the characters, and not all the efforts and researches of the antiquary have been able to restore them. By what people they were erected, and what were the purposes of their erection, are now matters of speculation or conjecture. A number of able men, who have devoted much time to antiquarian research, have endeavoured to draw aside the veil, and penetrate the mystery which surrounds them, but their labours in this respect have been fruitless. They have laboured zealously, and produced ingenious theories, but the mystery is almost as profound as ever, and is likely to remain so.

In the present article I do not mean to advance a new theory, nor controvert any theories which have been already maintained. To attempt either, did I even consider myself qualified for the task, would lead to a vast field of inquiry and investigation foreign to my present object. That the people by whom the works before us were erected, were numerous and powerful, and considerably advanced in the knowledge of the useful arts, will scarcely be questioned by any who have at all investigated the subject. None but a numerous people who were governed by established laws, and were under the influence of commanding power, could have constructed mounds, or erected fortifications, of such magnitude and extent. Works which exhibit proofs of immense labour, and display a considerable degree of skill in their construction, are inconsistent with the free and uncontrolled habits, and opposed to the manners, customs, and mode of life, of the native tribes who roamed through our forests when this continent was discovered by Columbus. Addicted to a wandering life, divided into small and independent tribes, and contented with a bare subsistence for the present, without reference to the future, such men, under such circumstances, never could have engaged in works requiring so much time and labour in their construction. They are evidently the productions of a people of settled habits, who lived in cities, and congregated together for mutual support and defence. The immense cemeteries which have been discovered at Grave Creek, near Wheeling, at the "Big Bone

Park" on the Wabash, and other places, indicate that this people lived in cities, or in large communities, and that the population of the valley of the Ohio, was once as dense, if not more so, than it is at present. In some of these cemeteries thousands of bodies have been thrown together, and covered with a mound of earth; in others they include a considerable space of ground, and the bodies have been interred in graves after our own manner. Near Nashville, in the state of Tennessee, a cemetery of the latter description may yet be seen.

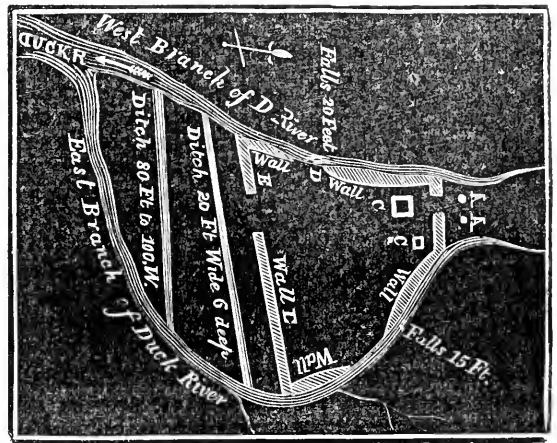
The mounds are the most substantial and enduring monuments of the aborigines, and the most striking in their general features. They are of various dimensions, varying from eight or ten feet to one hundred feet in height, and from fifty or sixty to five or six hundred feet in circumference. Some are circular, and form regular cones; some are oblong; and others hexagonal, and carried up from the base to the apex with perfect regularity and geometrical precision. Mounds of the latter description are of rare occurrence; the most remarkable and interesting monument of this kind, of which I have any knowledge, is situated within the limits of the town of Florence, in the state of Alabama, which will be hereafter described. This monument of ancient skill and labour I have contemplated with admiration; although much injured by the hand of time, its original form is perfectly preserved.

Some mounds have platforms or pavements, fronting the east, as that within the circular enclosure at Circleville, as described by Atwater in his valuable and interesting memoir on the "Antiquities of Ohio;" the greater number, however, have no similar appendages. These mounds, so different in form and size, were no doubt constructed for different purposes, but the purposes to which they were applied are wholly matters of conjecture, and will probably ever remain so. Some may have been erected to commemorate some great event in the nation's history; others as monuments to the mighty dead whose remains repose beneath, awaiting the assembly of nations, when the notes of the last trumpet shall sound. Some may have been intended as watch towers, or places of defence; others as places for the public worship of their deities. However doubtful or uncertain we may be with regard to the design of all, that some were depositories of the dead is clearly established by the number of human bones discovered on opening them: that at Grave Creek was found to contain several thousand human skeletons.

The ancient works which are supposed to have been originally constructed for fortifications, or places of defence, are extremely numerous, and are to be found on almost all the rivers of the West, and in the most eligible positions, and in the midst of extensive bodies of fertile land. "The most numerous," says Breckenridge, "as well as the most considerable of these remains are found precisely in those parts of the country, where the traces of a numerous population might be looked for," and hence he infers, and not without reason, that in ancient times cities have existed containing several hundred thousand souls. To some minds this may appear like the wild speculation of an enthusiastick antiquary; but, as before suggested, the remains themselves clearly indicate the existence of a dense and numerous population.

The fortifications, or places of defence, were planned with a skill that would not discredit the most experienced engineer of the present day. They appear to have been aptly fitted to resist the various modes of attack, which we may suppose to have been practised at a period when the use of firearms was unknown, and when men engaged in battle fighting hand to hand. The most assailable points were skillfully guarded. The curious reader, by referring to Atwater's "Antiquities of Ohio," will obtain a much more clear and accurate idea of the character and design of these ancient works, than any description in mere words.

These ancient works are not confined to a particular section of the Western country; they are found throughout the whole valley, upon almost every river or large water course that empties into the Ohio or Mississippi. In Tennessee and Alabama they are as numerous as in Ohio or Kentucky. One of the most remarkable in the former state, is what is called



THE STONE FORT;*

Situated in Franklin county, on a point of land at the junction of the east and west branches of the Duck river, and near the main road leading from Nashville to Winchester.

This fort includes in its area about thirty-two acres. The walls are composed of stones of various sizes collected from the surface of the surrounding country, and rudely thrown together; there is no appearance of their having been united by cement, nor do they exhibit any marks of the hammer. The walls E E, which are covered with a coat of earth from one to two feet thick, are about sixteen feet in thickness at the base, about five feet at the top, and from eight to ten feet high.

At the northern extremity, near the front wall, are two conical pillars or mounds of stone, designated on the annexed plan A A. Each of these mounds is about six feet high, and ten feet in diameter at the base; originally they may have been of somewhat greater altitude, and being on the exterior of the wall may have been intended as watch towers. In the rear of the mounds is the northern wall, extending to a high bank on both branches of Duck river, and opposite to a waterfall on each, of ten or twelve feet in height. In the northern wall is an

* The annexed plan of the Stone Fort was drawn by William Donneson, Esq., formerly of Tennessee.

entrance or gateway, and in the rear of the gateway are what appear to be the remains of two stone buildings C C, one about sixteen feet square, the other about ten feet; the stones are rough and unheaven. Stretching south the walls are continued on both sides until they reach the points D D, at a bold limestone bluff, which forms a good natural defence. South of the bluff the walls are continued of the same height and thickness until they reach the angles of the wall fronting the south, which also extends from the bank of one river to the other, and has also a gateway nearly opposite to that in the northern wall. At the points D D, it is supposed by many who have examined this work, there were formerly excavated passages leading to each branch of Duck river, with steps cut in the rock. On a close examination, the writer of this article was unable to discover any appearance of an excavated passage, or any evidence that the pathway leading to the river was a laboured work of art. The ascent and descent are not very difficult; the steps appear to be such as nature formed by the projection of the rock; and it was, no doubt, by these passages that the inhabitants of the fort gained access to the river, and were supplied with water.

Near the base of the wall on the south side is a ditch from sixteen to twenty feet wide, and six or eight deep. A short distance farther from the southern wall is another and much more extensive ditch or excavation. In some places it is seventy or eighty feet wide, and from twenty-five to thirty feet deep. The earth from these ditches was probably removed to cover the walls of the fort, and employed in the erection of the neighbouring mounds, while the ditches themselves constituted an additional means of defence.

It is supposed by some, who are unwilling to admit a very high antiquity, that this fort was constructed by de Soto, who landed in Florida in the year 1538, and probably explored this part of the country; but the trees growing on the walls, and on the area of the fort, indicate an age anterior to the landing of de Soto—they are coeval with trees in the surrounding country.

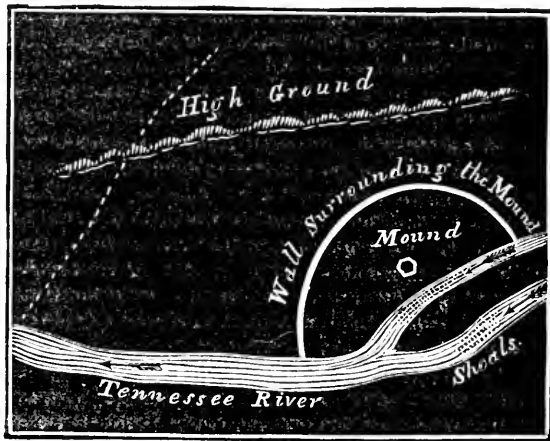
About three quarters of a mile north of the fort is a mound of an oblong form, about twenty-five feet high, one hundred feet long, and twenty broad. On the northwest, about half a mile distant is another mound of similar form, twenty feet high, sixty long, and eighteen wide. These mounds are constructed with the same regularity that distinguishes all the other works of similar character. On both these mounds trees are growing as large as any in the surrounding forests.

The stone fort differs in its form, and the materials used in its construction, from every other I have examined; but it does not exhibit greater evidence of skill. The difference in form was owing to its location on the point of land formed by the junction of the two rivers, and it was made to conform in all respects to the nature of the ground. Stones were employed because they were readily procured. Although the hammer had nothing to do with the preparation of the materials, it was nevertheless a work of great labour, and the place of location was selected with a military eye, more especially as the destructive implements of warfare now in use were then unknown. Several years ago, the then proprietor of

the soil, in ploughing the area of the fort, found a piece of flint glass, about an inch thick, which appeared to be a part of a bowl; he also found a stone curiously carved, and ornamented in a style superiour to the art of the Indians of the present day. The carved stone may have had some connexion with the fort, but the glass was probably dropped by some casual visiter. It has always appeared to me somewhat singular, that so few specimens of domestic art have been discovered in the neighbourhood of the mounds and other ancient works: the few which have been found serve rather to excite than to gratify curiosity.

THE MOUND AT FLORENCE.

In the preceding part of this article I alluded to an hexagonal mound at Florence. For the annexed draught and description, I am indebted to Major David Hubbard, who politely furnished it at my request.



"Within the limits of the town of Florence, in the state of Alabama, is a remarkable mound partly surrounded by a wall. The mound is situated within two chains of the Tennessee river, on the north side, on what is termed *bottom land*: the base is very little elevated above high-water mark. Its figure is hexagonal, and its elevation forty-five feet. It measures six chains and seventy-five links round the base, and two chains and twenty-five links round the top. It appears to have been formed of the top of the surrounding earth, being of a very dark mould mixed with sand. It has been carried up from the base to the top with great regularity; the only difference to be observed is, that the outward angles are more rough, and project farther from a regular line, than the angles facing the river. As far as it has yet been examined there is no appearance of bones of any animal; no stone, or other solid substance has been employed in its construction. Partly surrounding the mound is a wall four chains distant from its base, which extends from the main river below to a branch formed by Cane Island above, forming a segment of a circle, the centre of which would have been in the Tennessee river. The wall is about forty feet across the top, and making allowances for the ravages of time, must have been originally from twelve to fifteen feet high: it is now about eight feet. The mound and wall bear the same mark of age, both being covered with large timber of the same age and description of that found growing on

the surrounding lands. The wall has the appearance of a breastwork, and the remains of a ditch is apparent on the outside."

These works are situated on the river bottom, and are half surrounded by a very high ridge, which runs parallel to the Tennessee river, about four hundred yards distant. This ridge, upon which the principal part of the town of Florence is situated, overlooks and entirely commands the whole. The mound, with its surrounding wall, thus situated and exposed to attack, could not have been designed as a place of defence. It must have been appropriated to another purpose. It was probably a place of worship, a high altar upon which sacrifices were offered to some deity whom the people ignorantly worshipped. On its summit, perhaps, the blood of the victim flowed, and the smoke of the incense ascended. May not the circular wall have been the place where these people assembled to witness the rites and ceremonies of their religion? This monument of ancient labour and skill I have contemplated with admiration, and busy fancy has pictured to the imagination the scenes which were there displayed in bygone ages,—the superstitious rites which were performed, when the darkness of idolatry covered the nations of the earth.

ANCIENT INSCRIPTION.

In connexion with the ancient remains above described, and not inapplicable to the subject of the present article, I will mention another monument of a different character, and certainly belonging to another race, and to a much more recent period. Near the Black Warrior river, in the state of Alabama, some eighteen or twenty years since, a rock was discovered on which was an inscription bearing date six hundred years ago. A copy of the inscription was taken by an officer of the United States army; and from him the writer of this article received it.

This rock is of a triangular shape; it measures $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width at the base; from the top to the base 22 inches; $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide at the top; at the base $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, and at the top $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It weighed two hundred and three pounds. On this rock was the following inscription in Roman letters:—

H I S R N E H N D R E V.
1 2 3 2.

This inscription is said to be much defaced by the rude hand of time, but the foregoing letters and figures were distinctly ascertained.

This rock was found on what is supposed to have been an ancient highway, sixteen feet wide, leading to a mound on McCann's bluff on the Black Warrior. The area of the highway is regular, and at the time of the discovery was four or five inches below the common level of the earth on either side, and there were trees growing on it from two to four feet in diameter. If the above inscription has been accurately copied, and if it be truly of the age indicated, it affords ground for curious speculation. If this stone were placed on the highway at the time the inscription declares, this continent must have been visited by Europeans, long antecedent to its discovery by Columbus. I allude to this rock and inscription, not that I have any great faith in the antiquity of the inscription, but as a subject of curiosity connected with the antiquities of the West, and which

may have some connexion with the Roman coins found in Tennessee, of the reigns of Commodus and of Antoninus Pius.

The contemplation of the various monuments of human labour to which I have alluded, and attempted to describe, involuntarily excite in the mind a train of melancholy reflections upon the uncertain tenure by which even nations hold their existence. The mightiest empires have been dissolved; the proudest cities have crumbled into ruins. In this favoured land, where the energies of a free people are now exerted in building up a system of things which they hope will be perpetual, a mighty nation once existed, who little thought their fame would be lost in the revolutions of ages. They have disappeared—"their monuments remain, but the events they were intended to keep in memory, are lost in oblivion."

W. T.



CASTLE ROCK,

ON THE BIG PRAIRIE, UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

A sketch and description of this curious rock, were found in the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, of October 10.

It is situated, we are informed, on the Big prairie, about ninety miles southwest of lake Pepin, Upper Mississippi. It stands upon a small rise of ground, at the first sight it appears like a castle or a church without a cupola, and can be seen twenty or thirty miles.

"The base-rock is about one hundred feet in circumference, and in height about sixty; the rock on the top varies in circumference, from three to fifteen, or, perhaps, twenty feet; the height of this rock is, at least, thirty feet, and it appears as if the least puff of wind would blow it over,—it stands on so small a foundation, a mere pivot, and on so elevated an eminence. The rock is called by the Sioux Indians, the Standing stone, or Castle rock;—they have tried frequently to get on the top, but have never succeeded.



[Buffalo.]

LIFE IN THE WEST.

THE following vivid description of a buffalo-hunt, is from Washington Irving's tour on the prairies. Mr. Irving remarks:—

Having made two or three ineffectual shots from horseback, we determined not to seek the camp until we had made one more effort. Casting our eyes about the surrounding waste, we descried a herd of buffalo about two miles distant, scattered apart, and quietly grazing near a small strip of trees and bushes. It required but little stretch of fancy to picture them so many cattle grazing on the edge of a common, and that the grove might shelter some lowly farmhouse.

We now formed our plan to circumvent the herd, and by getting on the other side of them, to hunt them in the direction where we knew our camp to be situated; otherwise, the pursuit might take us to such a distance as to render it impossible for us to find our way back before nightfall. Taking a wide circuit therefore, we moved slowly and cautiously, pausing occasionally, when we saw any of the herd desist from grazing. The wind fortunately set from them, otherwise they might have scented us and have taken the alarm. In this way, we succeeded in getting round the herd without disturbing it. It consisted of about forty head, bulls, cows and calves. Separating to some distance from each other, we now approached slowly in a parallel line, hoping by degrees to steal near without exciting attention. They began, however, to move off quietly, stopping at every step or two to graze, when suddenly a bull that, unobserved by us, had been taking his siesta

under a clump of trees to our left, roused himself from his lair, and hastened to join his companions. We were still at a considerable distance, but the game had taken the alarm. We quickened our pace, they broke into a gallop, and now commenced a full chase.

As the ground was level, they shouldered along with great speed, following each other in a line; two or three bulls bringing up the rear, the last of whom, from his enormous size and venerable frontlet, and beard of sunburnt hair, looked like the patriarch of the herd; and as if he might long have reigned the monarch of the prairie.

There is a mixture of the awful and the comick in the look of these huge animals, as they bear their great bulk forward, with an up-and-down motion of the unwieldy head and shoulders; their tail cocked up like the queue of Pantaloon in a pantomime, the end whisking about in a fierce yet whimsical style, and their eyes glaring venomously with an expression of fright and fury.

For some time I kept parallel with the line, without being able to force my horse within pistol-shot, so much had he been alarmed by the assault of the buffalo, in the preceding chase. At length, I succeeded, but was again balked by my pistols missing fire. My companions, whose horses were less fleet, and more wayworn, could not overtake the herd; at length, Mr. L. who was in the rear of the line, and losing ground, levelled his double-barrelled gun, and fired a long raking shot. It struck a buffalo just above the loins, broke its backbone, and brought it to the ground. He stopped and alighted

to despatch his prey, when borrowing his gun which had yet a charge remaining in it, I put my horse to his speed, again overtook the herd which was thundering along, pursued by the count. With my present weapon there was no need of urging my horse to such close quarters; galloping along parallel, therefore, I singled out a buffalo, and by a fortunate shot brought it down on the spot. The ball had struck a vital part; it could not move from the place where it fell, but lay there struggling in mortal agony, while the rest of the herd kept on their headlong career across the prairie.

Dismounting, I now fettered my horse to prevent his straying, and advanced to contemplate my victim. I am nothing of a sportsman: I had been prompted to this unwonted exploit by the magnitude of the game, and the excitement of an adventurous chase. Now that the excitement was over, I could not but look with commiseration upon the poor animal that lay struggling and bleeding at my feet. His very size and importance, which had before inspired me with eagerness, now increased my compunction. It seemed as if I had inflicted pain in proportion to the bulk of my victim, and as if there were a hundred fold greater waste of life than there would have been in the destruction of an animal of inferior size.

To add to these after-qualms of conscience, the poor animal lingered in his agony. He had evidently received a mortal wound, but death might be long in coming. It would not do to leave him here to be torn piecemeal, while yet alive, by the wolves that had already snuffed his blood, and were skulking and howling at a distance, and waiting for my departure, and by the ravens that were flapping about, croaking dismally in the air. It became now an act of mercy to give him his quietus, and put him out of his misery. I primed one of the pistols, therefore, and advanced close up to the buffalo. To inflict a wound thus in cool blood, I found a totally different thing from firing in the heat of the chase. Taking aim, however, just behind the fore-shoulder, my pistol for once proved true; the ball must have passed through the heart, for the animal gave one convulsive throes and expired.

While I stood meditating and moralizing over the wreck I had so wantonly produced, with my horse grazing near me, I was rejoined by my fellow-sportsman, the virtuoso; who, being a man of universal adroitness, and withal, more experienced and hardened in the gentle art of "venerie," soon managed to carve out the tongue of the buffalo, and delivered it to me to bear back to the camp as a trophy.

BIOGRAPHY.

HERNANDO CORTEZ.—Born, 1483—Died, 1554.

HERNANDO CORTEZ, a descendant of a noble but poor family, was born at Medellin, in Estremadura, in 1485. The law, to which he was bred at Salamanca, he quitted for a military life. In 1504, he went to St. Domingo, and, in 1511, accompanied Velasquez to Cuba, and received from him a grant of land, as a reward for his services. The conquest of Mexico being resolved upon, Velasquez intrusted him with the command of the enterprise. The expedition, which consisted of ten small vessels, and only seven hundred men, sailed on the 18th of No-

vember, 1518; and, on his arrival at Tabaco, Cortez set fire to his ships, that his soldiers might have no other resource than their own valour. The Tlascalans he conquered and converted into allies, and then advanced towards Mexico, where he was amicably received. Jealous of his success, Velasquez now sent Narvaez to supersede him, but Cortez marched against the latter, took him prisoner, and gained over the new-come troops. The conduct of Cortez to the natives soon produced hostilities, and he was driven from Mexico. By the decisive victory of Otumba, however, he resumed the ascendancy, and, after a long siege, in which perished 100,000 Mexicans, he regained possession of the capital, and finally subjugated the whole of the kingdom. In 1536, he commanded in person a fleet which discovered California. Charles V., while under the impulse of gratitude, created him governor and captain-general of Mexico, and marquis of Guaxaca; but he subsequently removed him from the governorship. In order to obtain justice, Cortez, in 1540, returned, for the second time, to Spain; and he accompanied the emperor to Algiers, where he highly distinguished himself. Yet he was unable to procure even an audience. "Who are you?" exclaimed Charles, when Cortez had on one occasion, forced his way to the step of the emperor's carriage. "I am one," replied the undaunted warrior, "who has given you more provinces than your ancestors left you towns." Cortez died at Seville, in comparative obscurity, on the 2d of December, 1554.

Such is a brief account of the life of this remarkable man. We shall close our biography of him, with a description of the city of Mexico, at the time of Cortez's conquest, which will give our readers a slight idea of its magnificence.

The city of Mexico, which contained sixty thousand families, was divided into two parts, one of which, called Tlatelulco, was inhabited by the meaner sort, while the court and nobility resided in the other, which had the appellation of Mexico, which from thence was given to the whole city.

It stood in a spacious plain, surrounded by high rocks and mountains, from which many rivulets falling down into the valley, formed several lakes, and among these were two that extended about thirty leagues in circumference, and were surrounded by fifty towns. These lakes communicated with each other, through openings left in a stone-wall, by which they were divided, and over these openings were wooden bridges, with sluices on each side, by which the lower lake was supplied from the other: the water of the uppermost was fresh, while that of the lower was salt, a circumstance proceeding from the nature of the soil.

In the middle of the lake, stood the city of Mexico, in nineteen degrees thirteen minutes north latitude, yet the climate was mild and healthy; for the natural moisture of the situation was corrected by frequent breezes of wind.

It was joined to the main land by three noble causeways; the streets were large and straight, and had a great number of canals for the convenience of water carriage, in canoes and barks of various sizes above fifty thousand of which vessels belonged to the city.

All the publick buildings and houses of the nobility were stone, and even the habitations of the com-

mon people, though more mean and irregular, were disposed in such a manner as to form several large courts, in which their merchandise was exposed for sale.

The square of Tlatelulco, in which they kept fairs on particular days of the year, though one of the largest in the world, was, on these occasions, quite filled with tents, containing a variety of goods, and covered with coarse cotton cloths, which were proof against sun and rain.

Here they sold by barter, jewels, chains of gold, and different utensils of silver curiously wrought, together with paintings, landscapes made of feathers beautifully arranged, different sorts of cloths, drinking cups of a kind of porcelain, fruit, fish, and all manner of provisions. Maize or cocoa served as money for small value; they had no weights, but a variety of measures; and instead of numbers, certain characters, by which they adjusted the prices of goods. There was a house appointed for judges of commerce, who decided all differences arising among the merchants, and these appointed inferior officers to maintain justice and good order in the fair.

Their temples were magnificent and spacious, particularly that dedicated to Vitziputzli, their god of war, who was esteemed the supreme of all their deities. The first part of this edifice was a great square, enclosed within a wall of hewn stone, on the outside of which were cut wreaths of serpents.

At a little distance from the principal gate, was a place of worship, with a flat roof, in which were fixed many trunks of trees in a row, with holes bored in them at equal distances, through which passed several bars run through the heads of men who had been sacrificed.

On each side of the square, was a gate over which stood four statues of stone, representing inferior deities, to whom the people on their entrance paid reverence; and though the dwellings of the priests and their attendants were built on the inside of this wall, there was space sufficient for ten thousand people to dance on their solemn festivals.

In the middle of the square stood a lofty stone tower, having a staircase of one hundred and twenty steps, by which people ascended to the top, which formed a flat pavement forty feet square, beautifully paved with jasper, and surrounded with rails of a serpentine form. At the top of these stairs stood two marble statues well executed, supporting two large candlesticks of an extraordinary fashion.

A little farther was a green stone, about three feet high, and terminating in an angle, on which the priests extended the wretched victim while they opened his breast and plucked out his heart. Beyond this stone, fronting the staircase, stood a chapel of admirable workmanship, in which was placed the idol, upon a high altar, surrounded with curtains. It was of the figure of a man, sitting in a chair, sustained by a blue globe furnished with four rods jetting out from the sides, each terminating in the likeness of a serpent's head; and these rods the priests placed on their shoulders when they exposed the idol to the view of the publick. The head of the figure was covered with a helmet, composed of plumes in the form of a bird with a bill and crest of burnished gold.

The countenance of this idol was horrible, the



[Hernando Cortez.]

nose and forehead being swathed with bands of a blue colour: in the right hand it held a curling serpent, and in the left a shield of four arrows, with five white plumes placed in the form of a cross, and the Mexicans related many extravagant stories respecting these ornaments.

There was placed on the left hand of this idol, another of the same size and form, made for Talock, the supposed brother of the former, and equally revered by the Mexicans. The ornaments of these chapels were of inestimable value, and there were in the city, eight temples built nearly in the same manner, and almost as rich: those of a similar size amounted to two thousand, dedicated to as many idols of different names.

Besides the palace in which Montezuma kept his court, he had several magnificent pleasure houses, in one of which, a most elegant building supported by pillars of jasper, he kept an aviary of birds, remarkable either for their singing or plumage, so numerous, that three hundred men were employed in attending them.

Not far from this was another vast edifice, where the emperor's fowlers resided, and took care of the birds of prey, among which were some bred to the game like our hawks, and in the same place were voracious eagles of a very extraordinary size. In the second square of this house his wild beasts were kept, consisting of bears, tigers, lions, and Mexican bulls, which are extremely strong, nimble and fierce: and over their dens was a large apartment for buffoons and monsters, who were kept and instructed for the entertainment of the emperor.

Montezuma's grandeur was equally conspicuous in his armories. In one building a number of workmen were employed in making shafts for arrows, grinding flints for the points, and forming all sorts of arms, offensive and defensive; in another building the arms were laid up in great order; these consisted of bows, arrows and quivers, two-handed swords, edged with flints, darts and javelins, head-pieces, breastplates, quilted jackets, and bucklers made of

impenetrable skins to cover the whole body, which they carried rolled upon their shoulders till they were ready to engage. To all these buildings there were large gardens well cultivated, producing a great variety of fragrant flowers and medicinal herbs set in squares, and adorned with beautiful summer-houses and fountains of water.

But of all Montezuma's buildings, the most remarkable was his house of sorrow, to which he retired on the death of any favourite relation, or in case of public calamity: this place was very well adapted to promote gloomy sentiments; the walls, roofs, and ornaments were black; instead of windows, it had only narrow openings in the walls, which admitted no more light, than was just sufficient to make the whole place appear more dismal.

The emperor had also several pleasant country-seats, with large forests for the chase of lions and tigers, in which he took great delight. In these sports a number of men were employed to surround the game, and contract the circle into a certain space, where he beheld the combats of his huntsmen with the wild beasts, in which exercise the Mexicans were not less daring than dexterous.

Montezuma had two sorts of guards, one of common soldiers who filled the courts of the palace, and were posted in bodies at the principal gates; the other consisted of two hundred nobles of distinguished rank, who were obliged to attend every day at the palace, to guard his person.

This attendance of the nobility was divided between two bodies, who were upon duty by turns, comprehending the lords of the whole empire, who were obliged to repair to court from the most distant provinces; a scheme contrived by Montezuma, who thereby kept the nobility in dependance, and had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with their persons, capacities, and dispositions.

He very seldom granted audience, and when any one was so far honoured, he entered barefoot, and made three reverences, saying at first, "lord," at the second, "my lord," and at the third, "great lord." He appeared in great state on these occasions, being surrounded by his courtiers; he listened attentively, and answered with severity, seeming delighted with the confusion of the speaker.

Montezuma frequently dined in publick, but always sat alone at the table, which was usually covered with upward of two hundred dishes of different meats; out of which he fixed on a certain number for his own use, and ordered the rest to be divided among the nobility. He sat on a little stool at a large low table, which was covered with napkins and cloths of fine cotton. His dining-room was divided in the middle by a rail, which, without obstructing the view, kept the domesticks and crowd at a distance. Within the rails he was attended by three or four old favourite servants: the dishes were brought in by twenty women, richly dressed, who served up the meat, and presented him with the cup: the dishes, which were of fine earthen ware, as well as the cloths and napkins, having been once used, were distributed among the servants: he had cups and salvers of gold, and sometimes drank out of cocoa and other shells, richly ornamented with jewels.

He drank several sorts of liquors, one of which was a kind of beer made of maize; others were perfumed with rich odours, and a third sort mixed with

the juice of salutiferous herbs. After eating, he drank a kind of chocolate, and used to smoke a sort of tobacco perfumed with liquid amber: indeed the juice of this herb was one of the ingredients with which the priests wrought themselves up to a fit of enthusiasm, whenever they were obliged to deliver an oracular answer.

Among other attendants at his table, were generally three or four buffoons, who diverted him with their ludicrous talents, and at proper intervals he was entertained with musick produced by pipes and seashells, accompanied by voices that formed an agreeable concert. The subject of these songs was generally the exploits of their ancestors, and the memorable actions of their kings. They had also merry songs used in dancing, accompanied with the musick of two little drums, made of hollow pieces of wood of different sizes and sounds: these were most commonly used in a dance called Mitates, practised at festivals, in which the nobility and the vulgar, mingling without distinction, used to shout, make odd gesticulations, and drink to each other till they were drunk.

The people, at other times assembling in the squares and porches of the temple, made matches for wrestling, shooting at the mark, and running races. Here were also rope-dancers, performing in an astonishing manner, without the assistance of poles, and numbers of people playing at ball, near the statue of an idol, which the priests brought out, as the superintendent of that diversion. In a word the inhabitants of Mexico were almost every day entertained with shows and amusements, contrived by Montezuma, to divert their imaginations, which might otherwise have been employed to his disadvantage.

The prodigious wealth of Montezuma, which enabled him to support the expense of his court, and to keep two large armies always in the field, arose from the salt-works and other taxes, established from time immemorial, from the produce of the gold and silver mines, and from the contributions levied on the subject, amounting to one third of the annual produce of that vast and populous empire. These taxes were collected by officers depending on the tribunal of the royal revenue, that resided in the court, and punished the least neglect or fraud with the loss of life.

All the towns in the neighbourhood of Mexico furnished fuel for the royal palace, and men for the emperor's works. The nobility were obliged to guard his person, to serve in his army with a stipulated number of vassals, and to make him many presents, which though he received as gifts, they durst not neglect to offer. He had different treasurers for the several kinds of contributions; and the tribunal of the crown-revenue, having issued out what was wanted for the expenses of the war, and the royal palaces, converted the rest into ingots of gold.

Besides this tribunal, there was a council of justice, which received appeals from inferiour courts; a council of state, a council of war, judges of commerce, and other officers, each of whom carried a staff as a badge of distinction.

As the Mexicans had no written laws, but were governed by the customs and institutions of their ancestors, their trials were short and verbal; murder,

theft, adultery, and any disrespect, even the slightest, towards the emperor, were capital crimes, and punished with death; but all other misdemeanors found an easy pardon.

The children of the common people were instructed in public schools, and those of the noble in well-endowed colleges, where they passed through three classes; in the first of which they were taught to decipher the characters and hieroglyphicks, and to repeat the historical songs; in the second they learned to acquire a modest, civil, and polite deportment; and in the third they were employed in robust exercises, as wrestling, managing their arms, and carrying weights; and inured to the hardships of suffering hunger and thirst, and bearing the inclemencies of the weather. These qualifications being acquired, the young noblemen who were designed for war, were sent as volunteers to the army, to accustom themselves to the dangers and hardships of a campaign, and were often placed among the baggage-men, and loaded with provisions, to mortify their pride and inure their bodies to fatigue, before they were enrolled as soldiers, an honour to which none were admitted, who had not given proofs of their intrepidity.

In every town there was a regular militia, so that their armies were formed with ease; for the princes, caciques, and governors, were obliged to repair to the rendezvous, with a certain number of soldiers. Their troops were better disciplined than those of the other Indian nations; and the emperor, with a view to reward acts of valour, instituted several orders of knighthood.

It has been asserted, as a proof of the grandeur of the Mexican empire, that Montezuma had thirty vassals, each of whom could bring one hundred thousand armed men into the field.

The Mexican year, like ours, consists of three hundred and sixty-five days, but was divided into eighteen months, of twenty days each, and at the end of the year five days were added to make it answer the course of the sun, and these were entirely appropriated to pleasures and diversions. They had likewise weeks of thirteen days, to which were given different names; and a longer period, called ages, which consisted of four weeks of years.

This period of time was represented in a very singular manner: in the centre of a large circle, divided into fifty-two degrees, allowing a year for every degree, they painted the sun, from whose rays proceeded four lines of different colours, which equally divided the circumference, leaving thirteen degrees to each semi-diameter; and these divisions served as signs of their zodiac, upon which the ages had their revolutions, and the sun his aspects, adverse or prosperous, according to the colour of the line. In a larger circle which enclosed the other, they marked with their characters the principal occurrences of the age, and these secular annals were considered as public instruments, serving for proofs of their history.

The Mexican marriages were celebrated in the following manner: the contract being settled, the parties appeared in the temple, and the priest having examined them respecting their mutual passion, tied the tip of the woman's veil, and the corner of the bridegroom's garment together, and accompanied them, joined in this manner, to their dwelling, where

they went round the fire seven times, and then sitting down to receive a share of the heat, the marriage was accomplished. Then the husband demanded the bride's portion, which he was obliged to return in case of separation, which often took place by mutual consent: in that case the father took care of the boys, and the mother of the girls; and the marriage being thus dissolved, the parties were forbidden to join again on pain of death: an institution wisely calculated to check the natural levity of the people.

Fancy, in her picturesque roivings, may tune her lay in favor of solitude—may boast of her little empire within, and the sweet converse with inanimate creation; but reason interrupts these ideal joys, and says, the mind cannot long be its own companion without becoming its own enemy. Trees and brambles are but poor society; we will pine for one who will think as we think, or induce us to forsake our own opinions for his.

Avarice in old age, says Cicero, is foolish; for what can be more absurd, than to increase our provisions for the road, the nearer we approach to our journey's end.

SAILING DOWN THE OHIO.

BY AUDUBON.

The natural features of North America are not less remarkable than the moral character of her inhabitants; and I cannot find a better subject than one of those magnificent rivers that roll the collected waters of her extensive territories to the ocean.

When my wife, my eldest son (then an infant), and myself, were returning from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, we found it expedient, the waters being unusually low, to provide ourselves with a *skiff*, to enable us to proceed to our abode at Henderson. I purchased a large, commodious, and light boat of that denomination. We procured a mattress, and our friends furnished us with ready-prepared viands. We had two stout negro rowers, and in this trim we left the village of Shippingport, in expectation of reaching the place of our destination in a very few days.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely

we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a splash of his tail, disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking, that, alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin, on one side, is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while, on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great *freshets* or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alterations that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter met the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed—some laden with produce from the different headwaters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

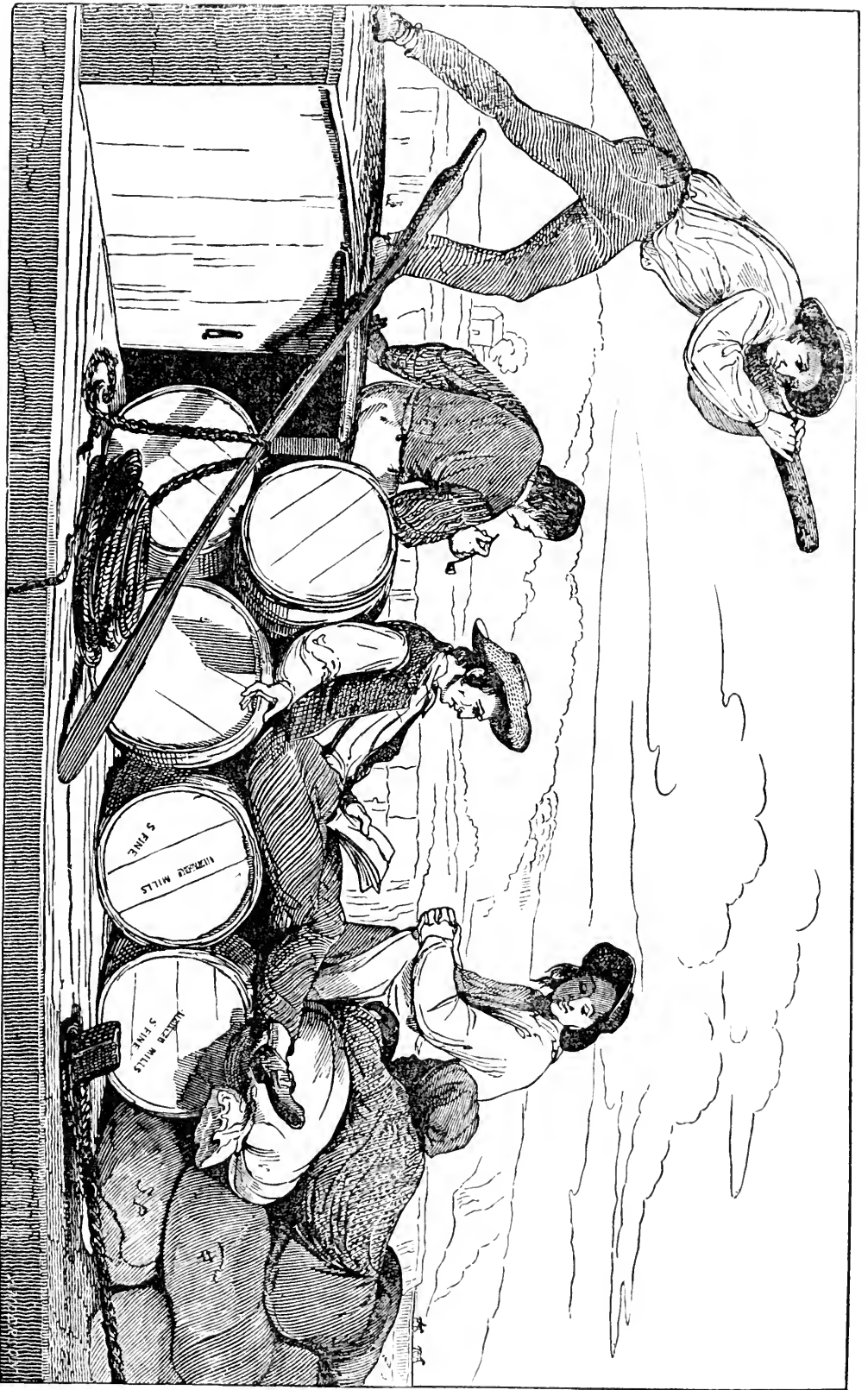
The margins of the shores and of the rivers were at this season amply supplied with game. A wild turkey, a grouse, or a blue-winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for whenever we pleased, we landed, struck up a fire, and provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

Several of these happy days passed, and we neared our home, when, one evening, not far from Pigeon Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio, from the state of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side as fast as possible. The sounds increased; we imagined we heard cries of "murder;" and as we knew that some depredations had lately been committed in the country by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for a while extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed, and we plainly discovered that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastick set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp-meetings, under the shade of a beech forest. With out meeting with any other interruption, we reached Henderson, distant from Shippingport by water about two hundred miles.

When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elk, deer and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steam-boats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot—when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its dark recesses—when I remember that these extraordinary changes which have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and although I know all to be the fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

POWER OF VIRTUE.

If a young man would win to himself the hearts of the wise and brave, and is ambitious of being the guide and leader of them, let him be assured that his virtue will give power, and power will consolidate and maintain his virtue. Let him never then squander away the inestimable powers of youth in tangled or trifling disquisitions, with such as perhaps have an interest in perverting or unsettling his opinions, and who speculate into his sleeping thoughts and dandle his nascent passions; but let him start from them with alacrity and walk forth with firmness; let him early take an interest in the business and concerns of men and let him as he goes along look steadfastly on the statues of those who have benefitted his country, and make with himself a solemn compact to stand hereafter among them.



BROAD HORN, OR FLAT BOAT.

CATCHING WILD HORSES ON A PRAIRIE.

IMMENSELY variegated as is the surface of the globe, there are still but few of its features that present an aspect of more surpassing interest and beauty than the far-lengthening, wide-expanding prairie. The oceans, the mountains, the hills, the valleys, the torrents and rivers, afford thousands of most admirable scenes, but the face of a prairie smiles with surpassing charms, with indescribable loveliness.

"Lo! they stretch

In airy undulations, far away,
As if an ocean in its gentlest swell
Stood still, with all its rounded billows fixed
And motionless for ever.—Motionless!
No, they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie hawk, that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico, and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of more tender hue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills."

Stretching far away with indistinct boundaries, or merging into the horizon, the southern prairie appears like a vast sea; its undulations, the seeming swells, its clumps of trees, the islands. Whether the tall, luxuriant grass, mingled with an innumerable variety of flowers loaded with perfume, waves upon its surface, or is shorn close like a pasture, it always exhibits the aspect of unequalled fertility and beauty,

"And the heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness."

The rich clumps of fine trees, collected together here and there in every possible form, and of every species, and some of them planted with the nice regularity of art, add the charm of variety to the lovely scene, while they afford a grateful shelter to the wandering herds and the weary hunter.

It is a rapturous vision to gaze upon these "gardens of the desert;" but how few ever enjoy the luxury! Few countries are adorned with these beautiful scenes, and none more bountifully than America. In no portions of America do they exhibit more beautiful or more varied aspects than in Mexico and Texas. The prairies of Texas especially, are as wonderful in their vast extent, as they are peculiar in beauty

and singular in fertility. The adventurous colonist, attracted by the paradisiacal scene, who is, perhaps, the first

"—of that advancing multitude,
Which soon shall fill these deserts,

finds himself not in this great solitude alone. It is thickly peopled with myriads of gaudy insects that flutter over the flowers, with sliding reptiles, beautiful birds, graceful deer, bounding buffaloes, and numerous troops of fine and noble wild horses. The settler selects his spot, builds himself a dwelling in a shady island, and by conforming to certain requisitions of the government, becomes at once the rightful proprietor of nearly as much territory as his eye can at once survey, and when he finds time to enclose it with substantial landmarks, he feels secure against intrusion. He plants his sugar and his cotton, and whatever else he may choose to cultivate, and the benignant climate and prolific soil shortly yield him the most abundant crop, and he reaps more than a hundred fold. The soil is easily subdued, and with little care whole herds of cattle grow up to enliven the wide domain, where they roam throughout the year without barns and without the northern haystacks or granaries. If he wishes a horse, or a drove of horses, to ride, to travel, to hunt, or to work, he has only to ride into the prairie, and the animals cost him only the trouble of catching them. The horses of Texas are small, run wild in numerous droves over the prairies, and are easily taken and rendered serviceable. They were probably originally introduced by the Spaniards, and are called *mustangs*.

To illustrate the manner of taking these animals, is the object of the engraving and the present article.

The pursuer provides himself with a strong noosed cord, made of twisted strips of green hide, which, thus prepared, is called a *lazo*, the Spanish word for a band or bond. He mounts a fleet horse, and fastens one end of his *lazo* to the animal, coils it in his left hand, leaving the extended noose to flourish in the air over his head. Selecting his game, he gives it chase; and as soon as he approaches the animal he intends to seize, he takes the first opportunity to whirl the *lazo* over his head, and immediately checks his own charger. The noose instantly contracts around the neck of the fugitive mustang, and the creature is thrown violently down, sometimes unable to move, and generally, for the moment, deprived of breath. This violent method of arrest frequently injures the poor animal, and sometimes even kills him. If he escapes, however, with his life, he becomes of great service to his master, always remembering with great respect the rude instrument of his capture, and ever afterwards yielding immediately whenever he feels the *lazo* upon his neck.

Being thus secured, the lazoed horse is blindfolded; terrible lever, jaw-breaking bits are put into his mouth, and he is mounted by a rider armed with most barbarous spurs. If the animal runs, he is spurred on to

the top of his speed, until he tumbles down with exhaustion. Then he is turned about and spurred back again; and if he is found able to run back to the point whence he started, he is credited with having bottom enough to make a good horse: otherwise he is turned off as of little or no value. This process of breaking mustangs to the bridle is a brutal one, and the poor animals often carry the evidence of it as long as they live. After service, during the day, they are hopped by fastening their fore legs together with a cord, and turned out to feed. To fasten them to one spot in the midst of a prairie, where neither tree, nor shrub, nor rock is to be found, is quite a problem. But that is accomplished by putting on a halter, tying a knot at the end, digging a hole about a foot deep in the earth; thrusting in the knot, and pressing the earth down around it. As the horse generally pulls nearly in a horizontal direction, he is unable to draw it out.

The mustangs are small, generally about thirteen hands high, strong, well-formed, and of various colors. They have a most malicious expression, and are very crafty and mischievous. When a number are caught, they are generally driven to market, where they are purchased for three or four dollars, branded, hopped, then turned out and abandoned to themselves until needed. At some future time they will doubtless become a valuable article of export.

The following graphic description of the wild horse of the prairie, is from an Orleans paper. It appears in a series entitled "Prairie Sketches."

"We were water-bound at 'Walnut Creek.' The water was too high to admit of our crossing, and for three days we had remained listless and idle on the banks of the stream. The fourth day came, and still the water continued rising: and as we could not proceed on our travel, three of us, weary of idleness, determined to start in pursuit of buffalo. We discharged the old charges from our fire-arms, and having carefully loaded again, we mounted and rode off. As yet we had seen but one buffalo, and that was an old bull, with flesh as tough as leather. We started at eight in the morning, and rode two hours and a half without seeing a thing that had life, except the innumerable musquitoes, flies, and ground insects. We rode through beds of sun-flowers miles in extent, with their dark seedy centers and radiating yellow leaves following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows close over them, as though they were things of sense and sentiment. These buds are sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasing contrast to the bright yellow of the sun-flower.

"About half past ten we discovered a creature in motion at an immense distance, and we instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes' riding brought us near enough to discover by its fleetness it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erected head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gain-

ed a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction, with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We paused—for to pursue him with a view of catching him, was clearly impossible. When he discovered we were not following him, he also paused; and now he seemed to be inspired with as great a curiosity as ourselves experienced; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, till we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils.

"We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly, for the purpose of scanning him more nearly. We had not advanced far, however, before he moved away, and circling round, approached us on the other side. 'Twas a beautiful animal—a sorrel, with a jet black mane and tail. We could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs as he moved; and when, half playfully and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed to possess him.

"Of all the brute creation the horse is the most admired by man. Combining beauty with usefulness, all countries and all ages yield it their admiration.—But, though the finest specimen of its kind, a domestic horse will ever lack that magic and indescribable charm that beams like a halo around the simple name of freedom. The wild horse, roving the prairie wilderness, knows no master—has never felt the whip—never clasped in its teeth the bit to curb its native freedom, but gambols unmolested over its grassy home, where nature has given it a bountiful supply of provender. Lordly man has never sat upon its back; the spur and bridle are unknown to it: and when the Spaniard comes on his fleet trained steed, with noose in hand to ensnare him, he bounds away over the velvet carpet of the prairie, swift as the arrow from the Indian's bow, or even the lightning darting from the cloud. We might have shot him from where we stood, but had we been starving we would scarcely have done it. He was *free*, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him,—but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head: he heard the shot and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant rolls, still seeming smaller, until he faded away in a speck on the far horizon's verge.

"Just as he vanished we perceived two dark spots on a hill about three miles distant. We knew them to be buffalo, and immediately set off in pursuit."

OUR youth is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of heath. He sleeps in the mild beams of the sun; he awakes amidst a storm; the red lightning flies around; trees shake their heads to the wind! He looks back with joy on the day of the sun, and the pleasant dreams of his rest! When shall Ossian's youth return? When his ear delight in the sound of arms? When shall I, like Oscar, travel in the light of my steel? Come, with your streams, ye hills of Cona! listen to the voice of Ossian. --Ossian.

CATCHING WILD HORSES ON A PRAIRIE.





A SCENE IN THE WEST.

EARLY HABITS, CUSTOMS &c. OF THE WEST.

DRESS.

On the frontiers, and particularly amongst those who were much in the habit of hunting, and going on scouts, and campaigns, the dress of the men was partly Indian, and partly that of civilized nations.

The hunting shirt was universally worn. This was a kind of loose frock, reaching half way down the thighs, with large sleeves, open before, and so wide as to flap over a foot or more when belted. The cape was large, and sometimes handsomely fringed with a ravelled piece of cloth of a different color from that of the hunting shirt itself. The bosom of this dress served as a wallet to hold a chunk of bread, cakes, jirk, tow for wiping the barrel of the rifle, or any other necessary, for the hunter or warrior. The belt, which was always tied behind, answered several purposes, besides that of holding the dress together. In cold weather the mittens, and sometimes the bullet-bag, occupied the front part of it. To the right side was suspended the tomahawk and to the left the scalping-knife, in its leathern sheath. The hunting-shirt was generally made of linsey, sometimes of coarse linen, and a few of dressed deerskins. These last were very cold and uncomfortable in wet weather. The shirt and jacket were of the common fashion. A pair of drawers or breeches and leggins, were the dress of the thighs and legs, a pair of moccasins answered for the feet much better than shoes. These were made of dressed deer skin. They were mostly made of a single piece with a gathering seam along the top of the foot, and another from the bottom of the heel, without gathers, as high as the ankle joint or a little higher. Flaps were left on each side to reach some distance up the legs. These were nicely adapted to the ankles and lower part of the leg, by thongs of deer skin, so that no dust, gravel, or snow could get within the moccasin.

The moccasins in ordinary use cost but a few hours' labor to make them. This was done by an instrument denominated a moccasin awl, which was made of the backspring of an old claspknife. This awl with its buckhorn handle, was an appendage of every shot pouch strap, together with a roll of buckskin for mending the moccasins. This was the labor of almost every evening. They were sewed together and patched with deer skin thongs, or whangs as they were commonly called.

In cold weather the moccasins were well stuffed with deer's hair or dry leaves, so as to keep the feet comfortably warm; but in wet weather it was usually said that wearing them was 'a decent way of going barefooted;' and such was the fact, owing to the spongy texture of the leather of which they were made.

Owing to this defective covering of the feet, more than to any other circumstance, the greater number of our hunters and warriors were afflicted with the rheumatism in their limbs. Of this disease they were all apprehensive in cold or wet weather, and therefore always slept with their feet to the fire to prevent or cure it as well as they could. This practice unquestionably had a very salutary effect, and prevented many of them from becoming confirmed cripples in early life.

In the latter years of the Indian war our young men became more enamored of the Indian dress throughout, with the exception of the matchcoat. The draw-

ers were laid aside and the leggins made longer, so as to reach the upper part of the thigh. The Indian breech-clout was adopted. This was a piece of linen nearly a yard long, and eight or nine inches broad. This passed under the belt before and behind, leaving the ends for flaps hanging before and behind over the belt. These flaps were sometimes ornamented with some coarse kind of embroidery work. To the same belts which secured the breech-clout, strings which supported the long leggins were attached. When this belt, as was often the case, passed over the hunting-shirt, the upper part of the thighs and part of the hips were naked.

The young warrior instead of being abashed by this nudity, was proud of his Indian-like dress. In some few instances I have seen them go into places of public worship in this dress.

The linsey petticoat and bed-gown which were the universal dress of our women in early times, would make a strange figure in our days. A small home-made handkerchief in point of elegance would ill supply the place of that profusion of ruffles with which the necks of our ladies are now ornamented.

They went barefooted in warm weather, and in cold, their feet were covered with moccasins, coarse shoes, or shoepacks, which would make but a sorry picture beside the elegant morocco slippers often embossed with bullion, which at present ornament the feet of their daughters and grand-daughters.

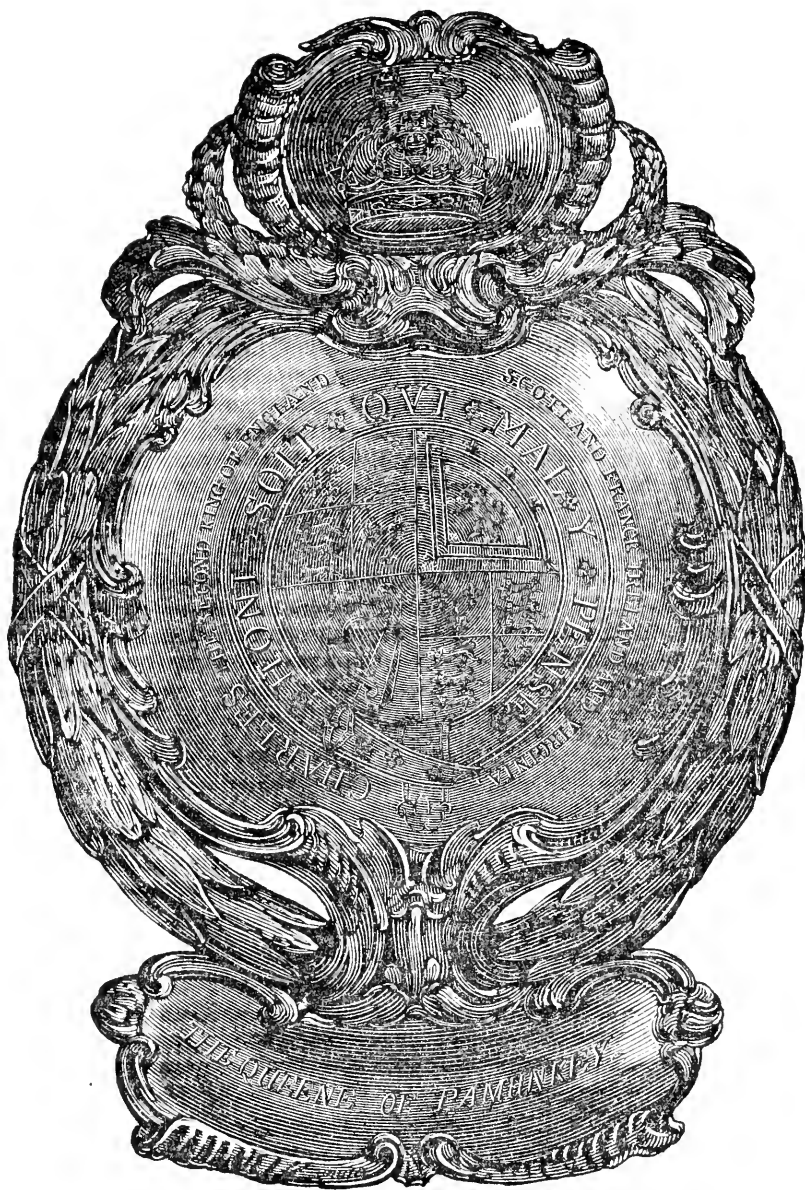
The coats and bed-gowns of the women as well as the hunting-shirts of the men, were hung in full display on wooden pegs around the walls of their cabins, so that while they answered in some degree the place of paper hangings, or tapestry, they announced to the stranger as well as neighbor the wealth or poverty of the family in the articles of clothing. This practice has not yet been wholly laid aside amongst the backwoods families.

The historian would say to the ladies of the present time:—our ancestors of your sex knew nothing of the ruffles, leghorns, curls, combs, rings and other jewels with which their fair daughters now decorate themselves. Such things were not then to be had. Many of the younger part of them were pretty well grown up before they saw the inside of a store room, or even knew there was such a thing in the world, unless by hearsay, and indeed scarcely that.

Instead of the toilet, they had to handle the distaff or shuttle, the sickle or weeding hoe, contented if they could obtain their linsey clothing and cover their heads with a sun bonnet made of six or seven hundred linen.—Doddridge's Notes.

BOILING POTATOES.—An Irish Journal gives the following directions for cooking potatoes. Put them in a pot or kettle without a lid, with water just sufficient to cover them. After the water has come nearly to boil, pour it off, replace it with cold water, into which throw a good portion of salt. The cold water sends the heat from the surface to the heart, and makes the potatoes mealy. After they are boiled and the water is poured off, let them stand on the fire 10 or 15 minutes to dry.

It is the ornament, and, as if the soul, of history, that the relation of events is illustrated by an exposition of the causes which produced them.—Bacon.



We regret that we are unable to furnish a complete history of the remarkable curiosity, a figure of which is presented above. The following description of it, is from the pen of an attentive correspondent, to whom the proprietors of the present volume are under many obligations, for his polite attention. He remarks, "There is now before me a silver frontlet, obviously I think part of a crown. The engraving upon it is first the *crest*, a crown surmounted by a lion passant. The escutcheon as delineated, field argent. Beneath this is a scroll containing the words THE QUEENE OF PAMUNKEY.

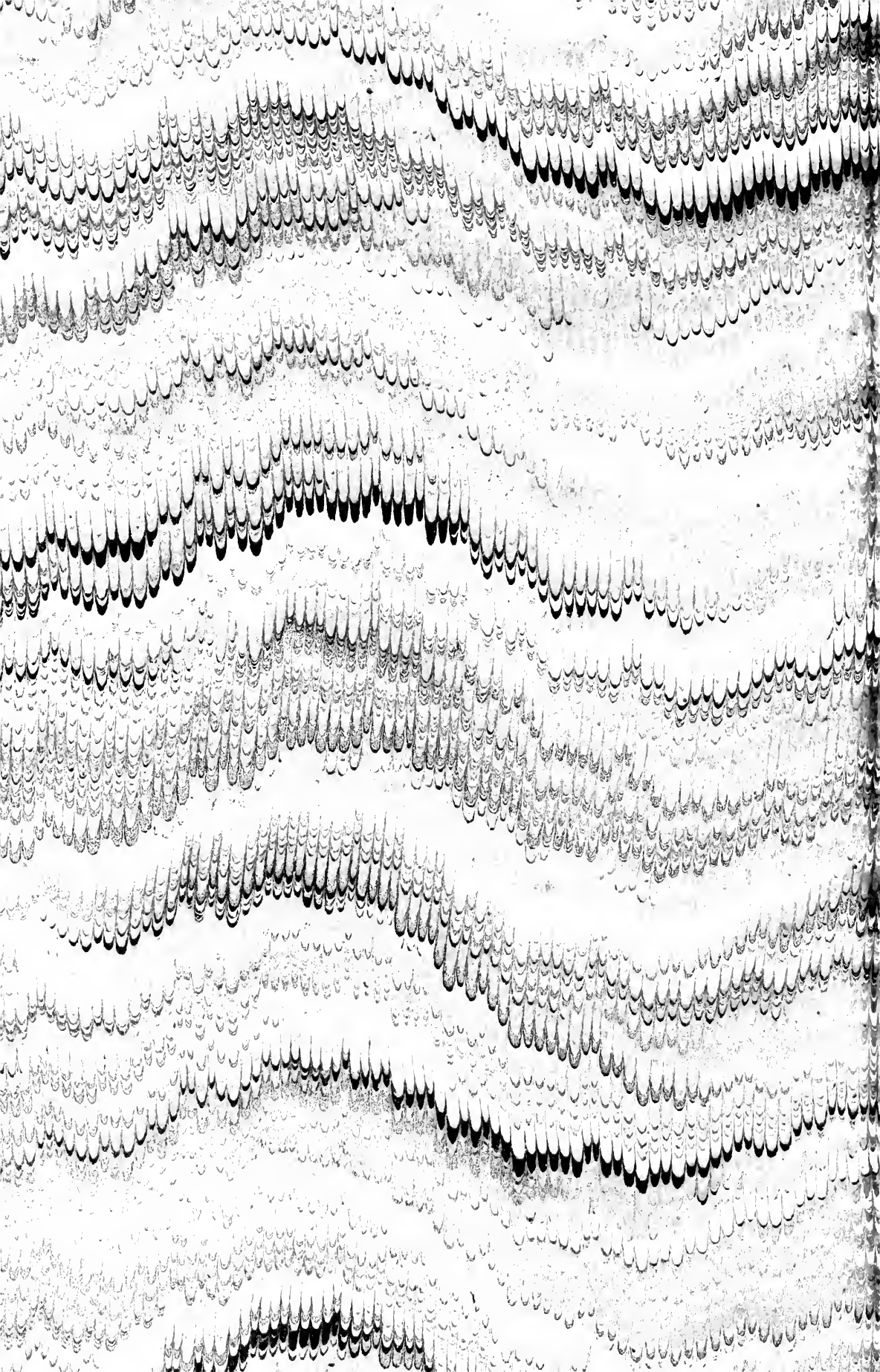
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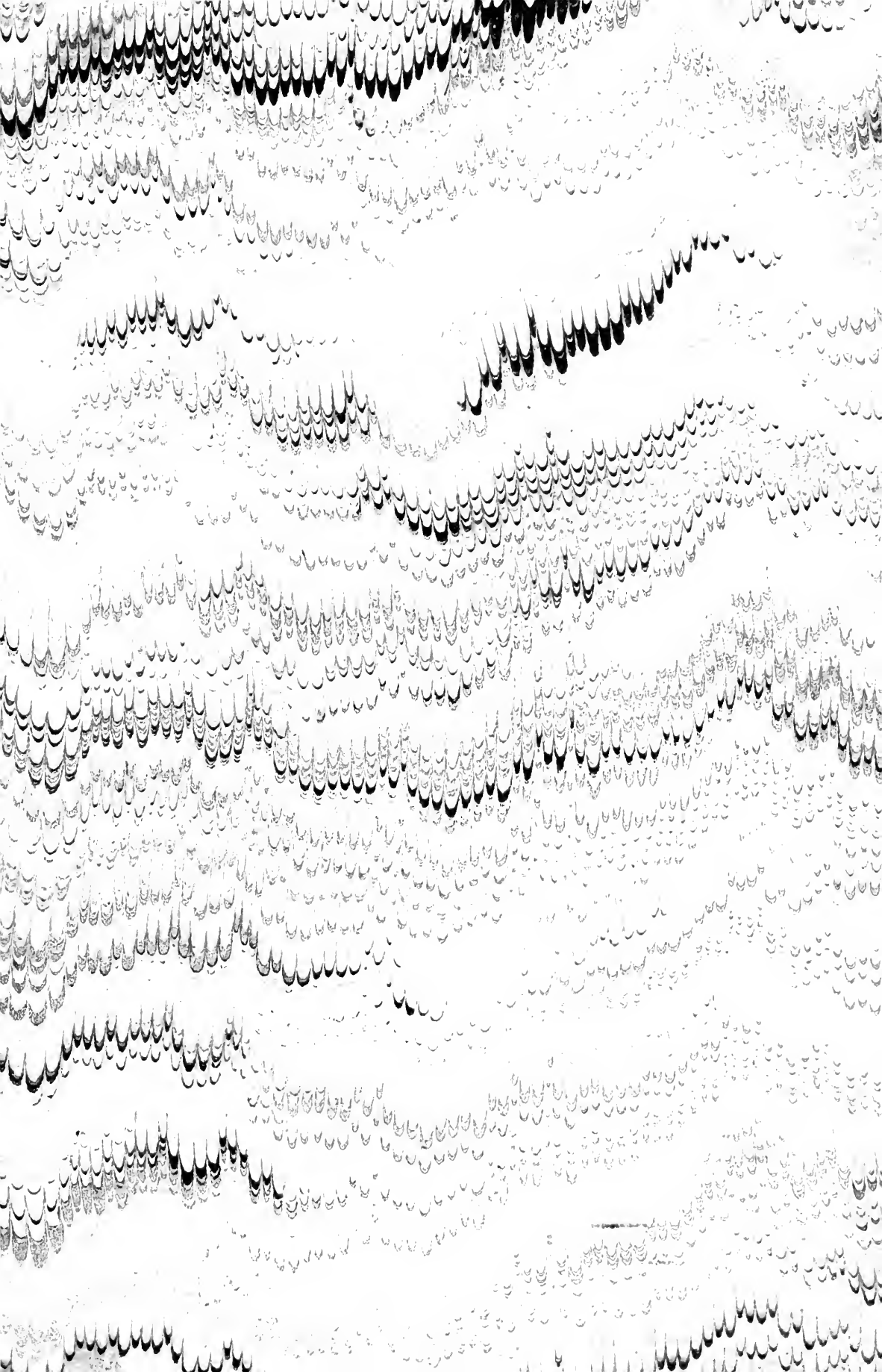
sinister base quarters are a passant, and the whole is bordered with a wreath. Just within the wreath, you will see inscribed, Charles the second, king of England, Scotland, France, Ireland and Virginia. The ornament was purchased of some Indians many years ago by Alexander Marson, of Falmouth, the grandfather of the present proprietor.

You know that the Pamunkey tribe still occupies its old ground in King William County, exercising to a certain extent its own laws, an "*imperium in imperio*."

J. M.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.





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